

NATIONAL

54



APRIL No. 41

COMICS

10¢



EXTRA!
UNCLE SAM

AND BUDDY
ARE LED BY AN

A.W.O.L. GANGSTER
INTO A
NEST OF SPIES!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-OLOGY

THE HOME TRAINER

THIS MACHINE WAS WIDELY USED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF CYCLING BY RACING ENTHUSIASTS FOR PRACTICING AT HOME. A LITTLE BELL RANG AT THE END OF EACH MILE OF RIDING.



"HANDLE BARS" THE FIRST STEERING APPARATUS FOR BICYCLES WAS JUST WHAT THE NAME IMPLIED — A HANDLE BAR, A PLAIN METAL BAR FOR HANDLING THE BICYCLE —



ORIGINAL FLYING SCOT, GAVIN DALZELL OF LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND IS GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT DAY REAR-DRIVE BICYCLE. IT WAS FIRST USED AROUND 1840



THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE-

FAMOUS FOR ITS EXTRA LARGE BRAKING SURFACE — HAS LIVED THROUGH MANY, MANY CHANGES IN BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN. SERVING ON "VICTORY BICYCLES" TODAY, AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW," IT IS HELPING TO SPEED THE DAY OF FINAL VICTORY.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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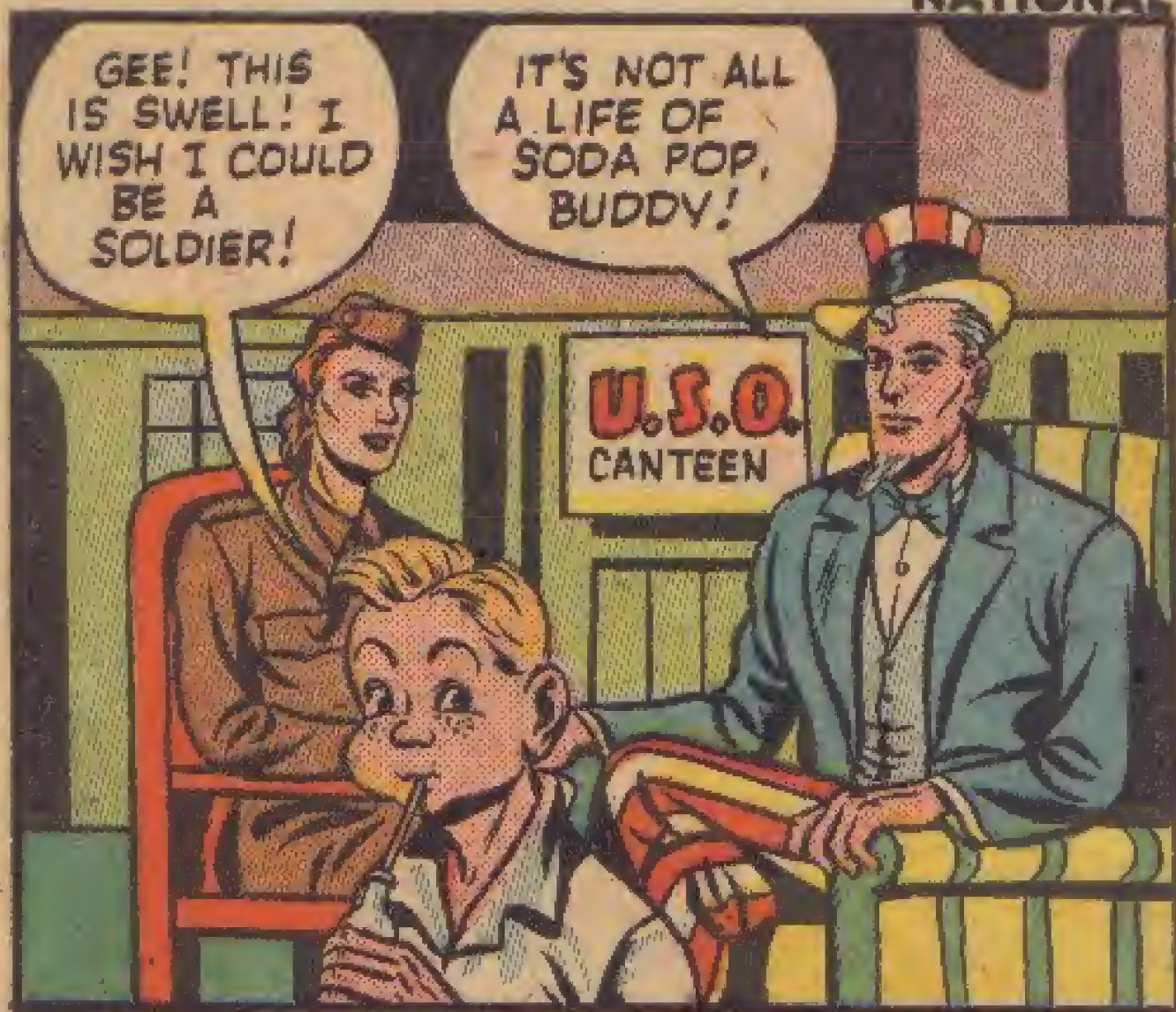
UNCLE SAM



BARNEY, A GANGSTER, WAS BORED WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF A BUCK PRIVATE IN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY!

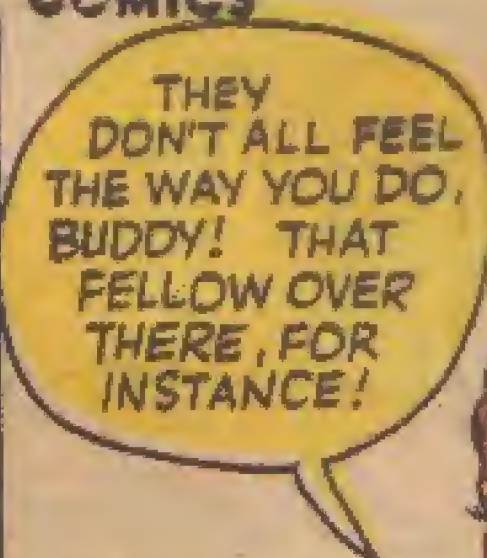
REVERTING TO HIS OLD TACTICS, HE LED **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** A MERRY CHASE, INVOLVING THEM WITH THIEVES, SPIES AND GANGSTERS!

Read HOW **BUDDY** ESCAPES DEATH AT THE HANDS OF NAZI AGENTS ... AND HOW **UNCLE SAM** WINS A VICTORY!

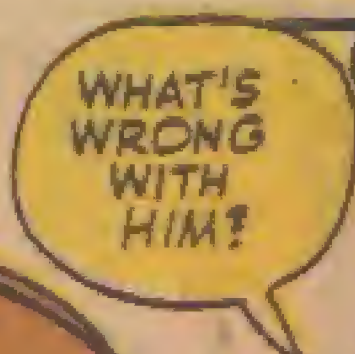


GEE! THIS IS SWELL! I WISH I COULD BE A SOLDIER!

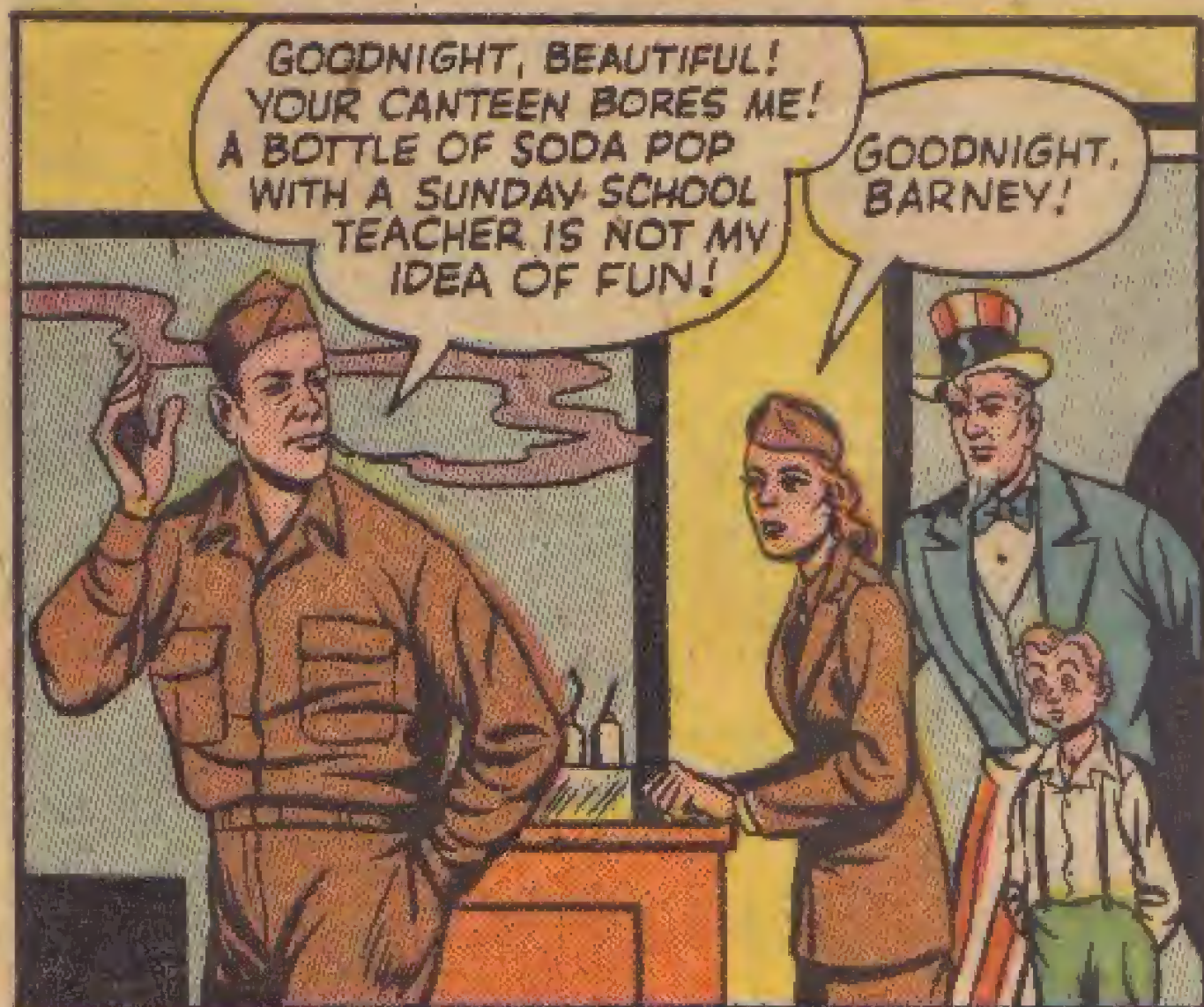
IT'S NOT ALL A LIFE OF SODA POP, BUDDY!



THEY DON'T ALL FEEL THE WAY YOU DO, BUDDY! THAT FELLOW OVER THERE, FOR INSTANCE!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?



GOODNIGHT, BEAUTIFUL! YOUR CANTEEN BORES ME! A BOTTLE OF SODA POP WITH A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER IS NOT MY IDEA OF FUN!

GOODNIGHT, BARNEY!



I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT BOY! ... COME ALONG, BUDDY!

HE'S A TOUGH MUG! ... THANKS, MISS, FOR THE POP!



WHAT GOES HERE? LOOKS AS IF WE'RE IN TIME FOR A GOOD FIGHT!

LEAD ME TO IT! WHOOPEE!

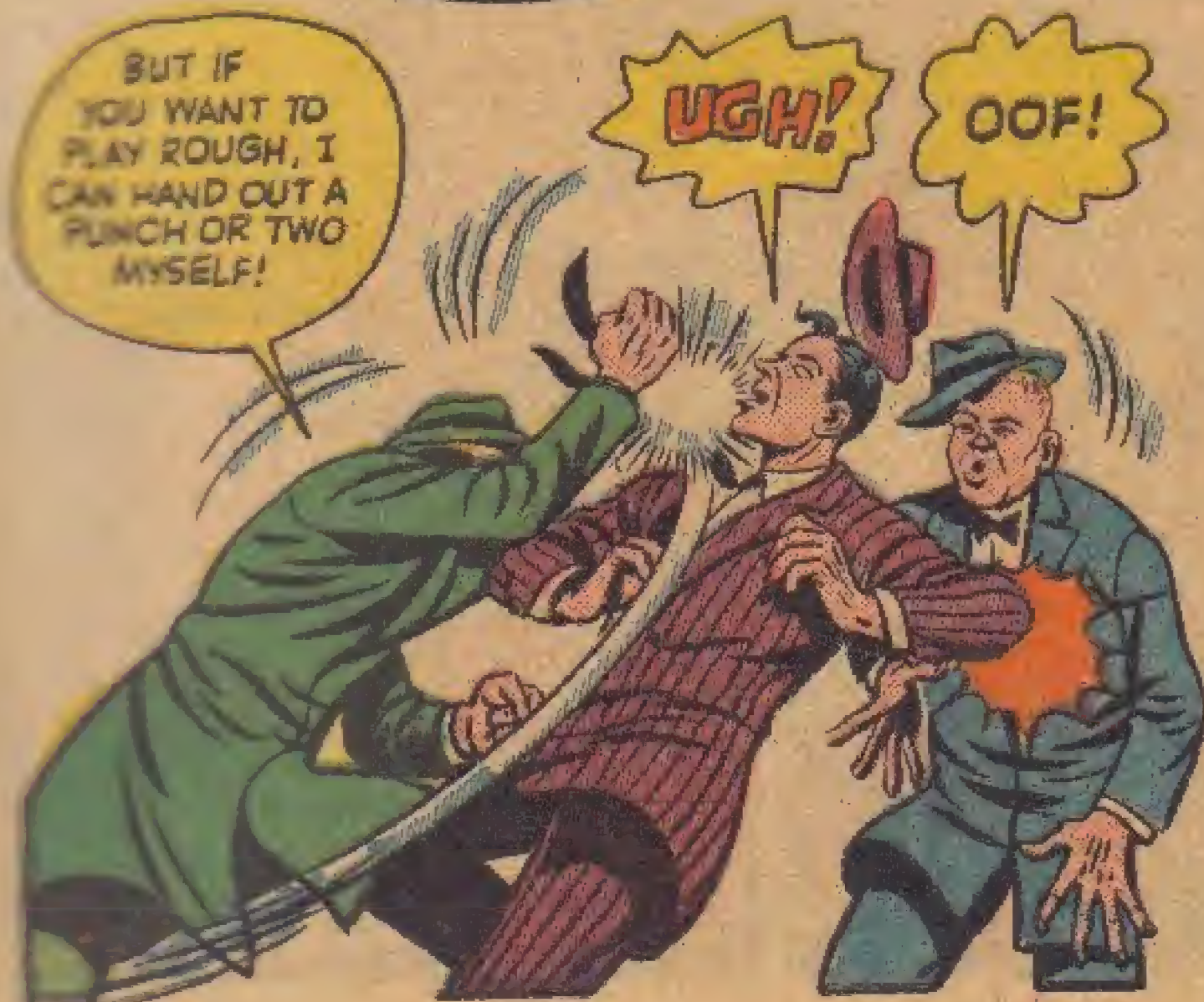


WHAT HAPPENED?

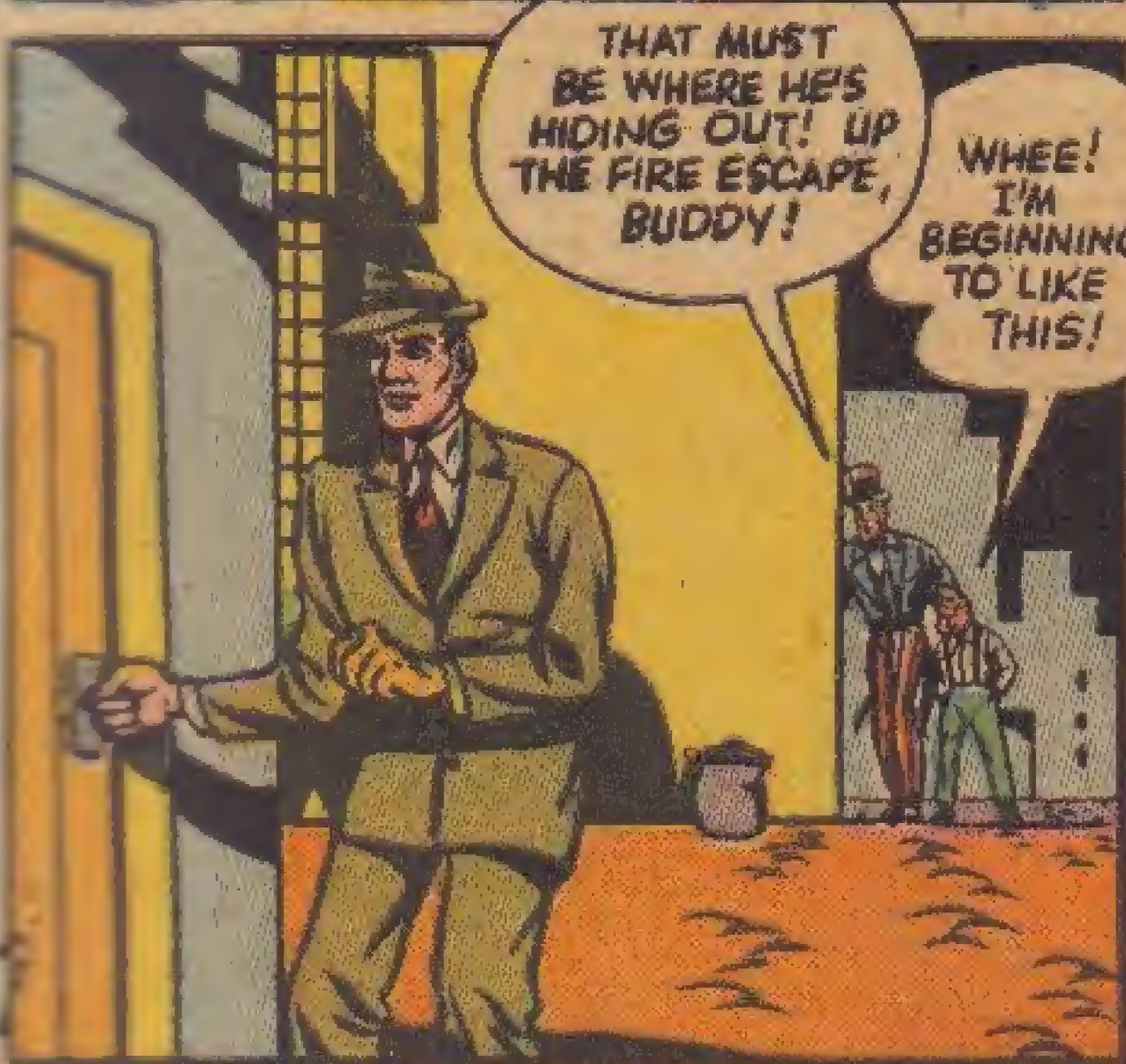
SOMEBODY HIT ME --AND TOOK MY COAT AND HAT

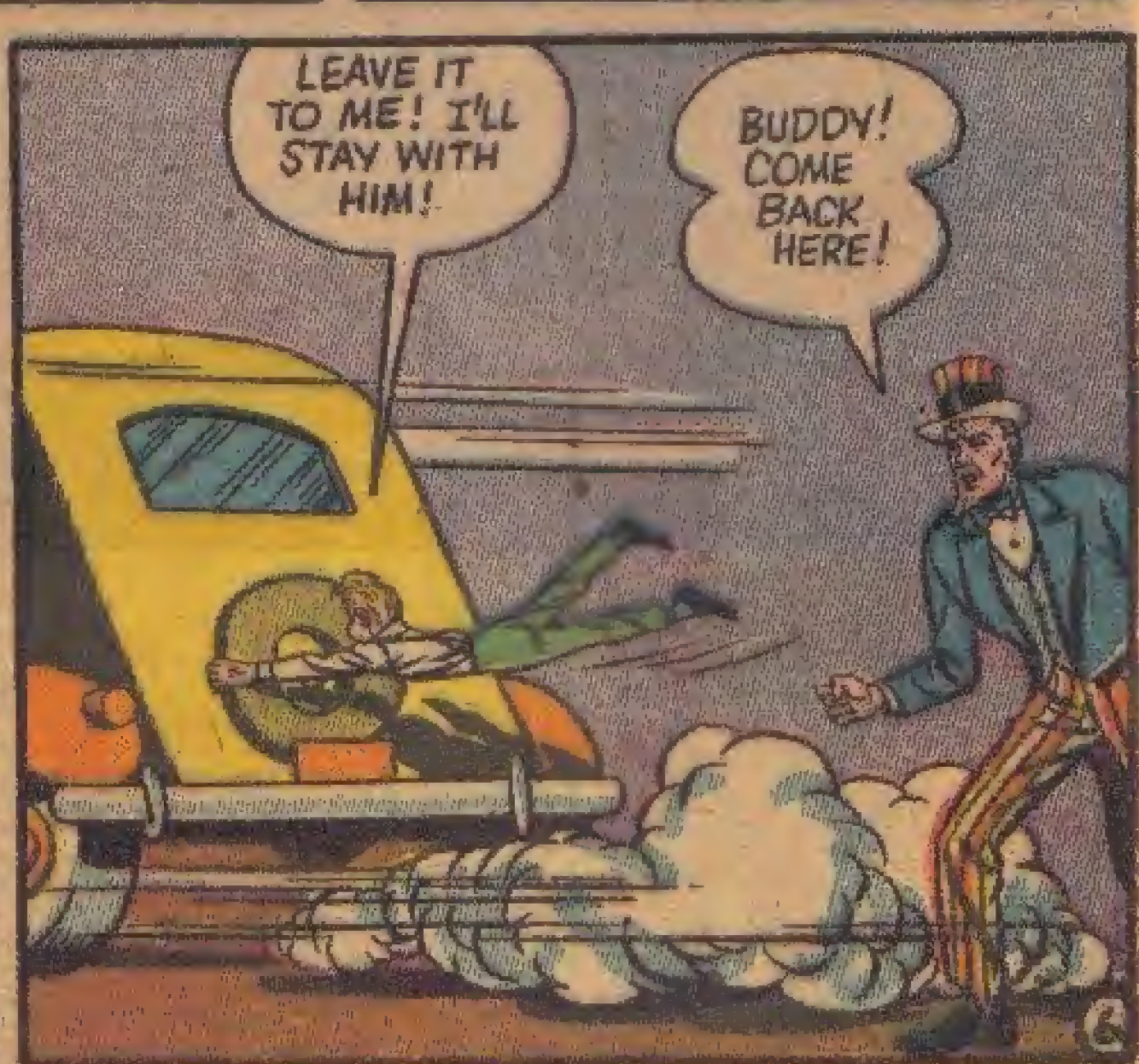


WE MUST CATCH HIM! THE PLANS FOR THE NEW V-31 BOMBER ARE IN THAT COAT!

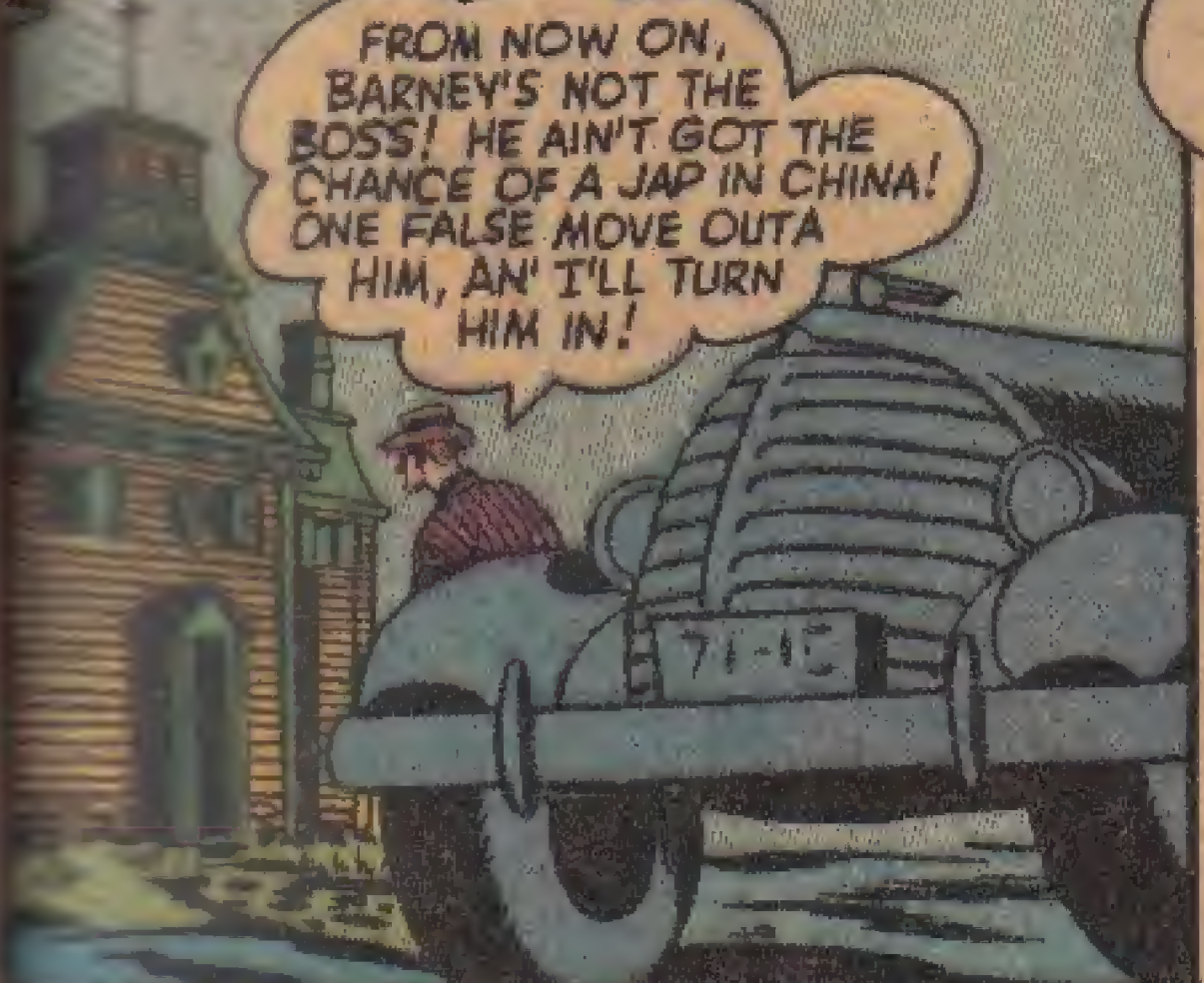








Few minutes later...



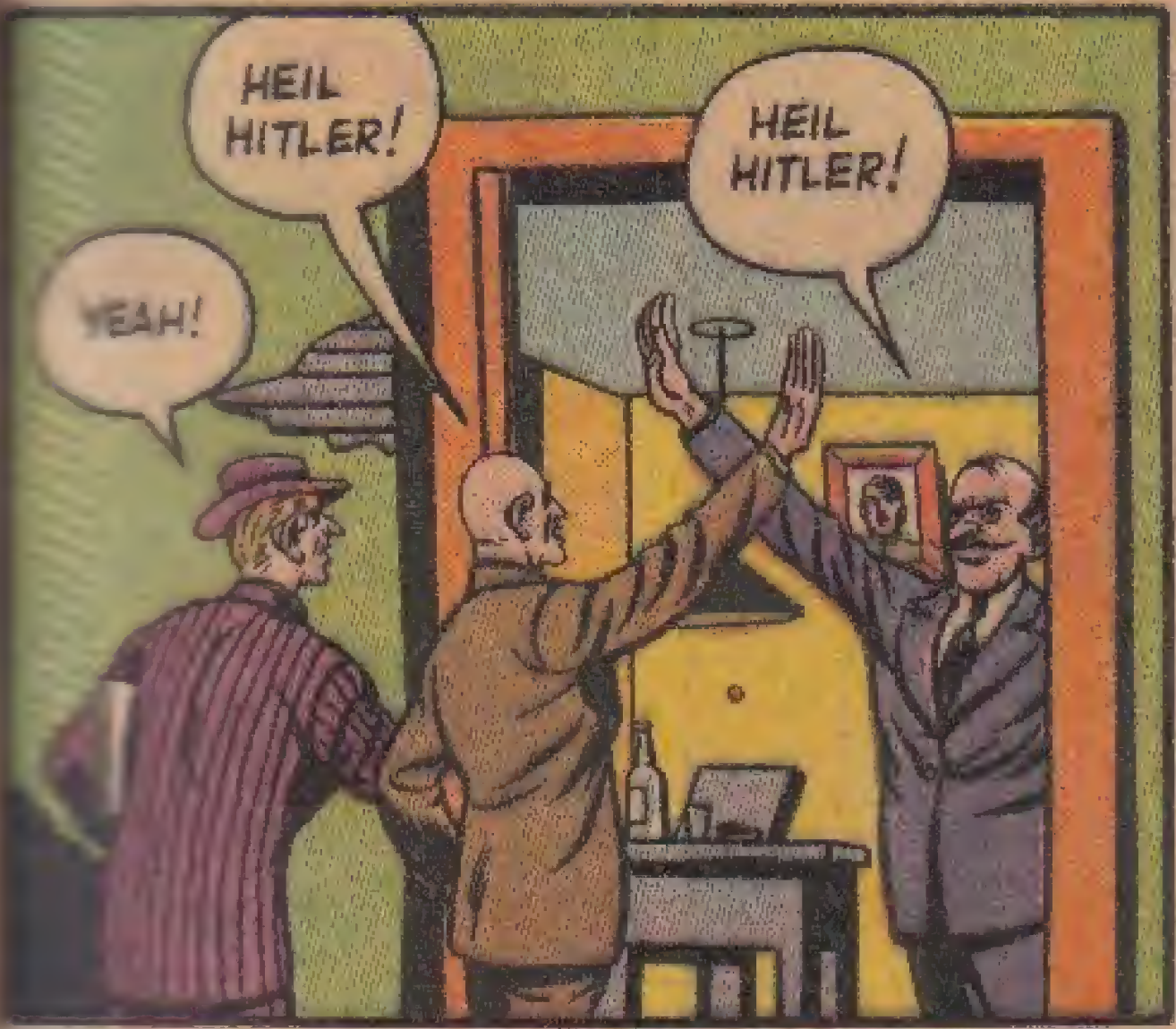
IT'S ME, DR. SNOOPLE! I'VE COME ABOUT THE PLANS!

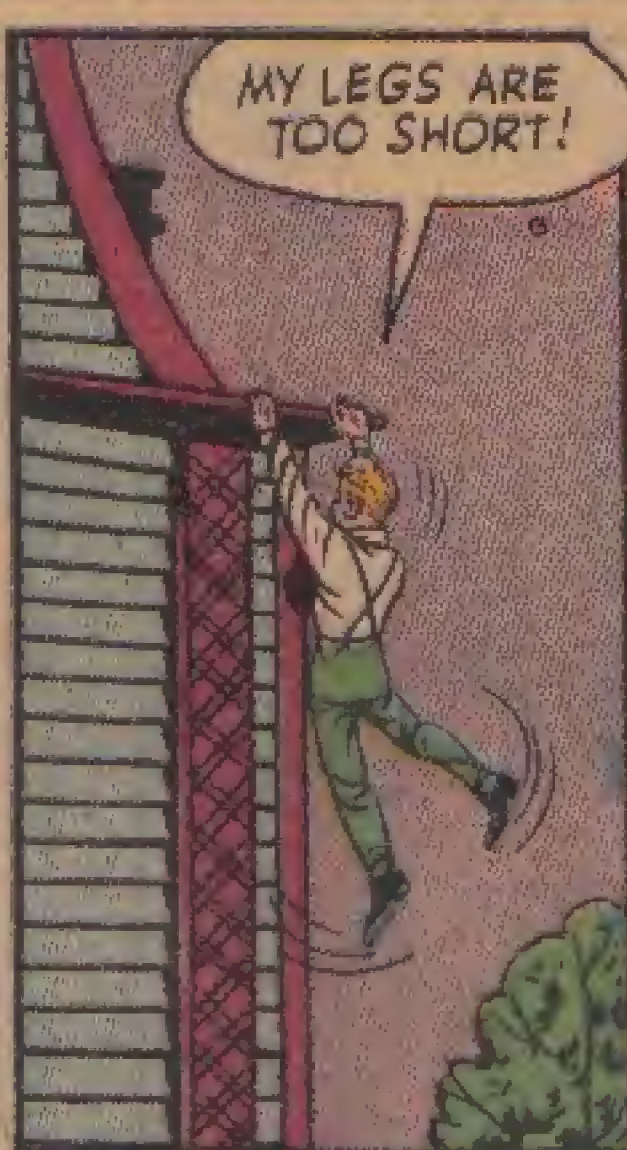
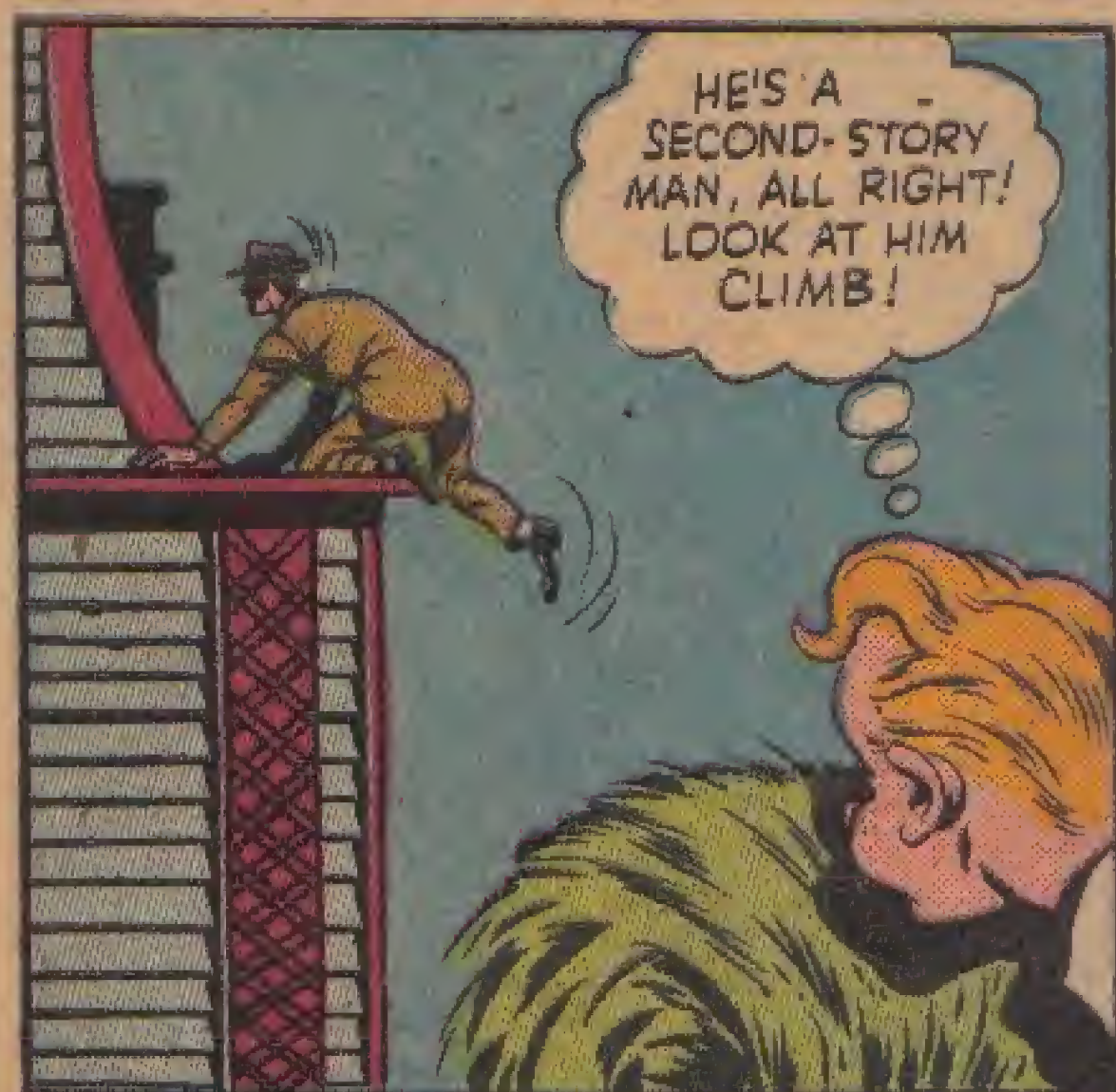


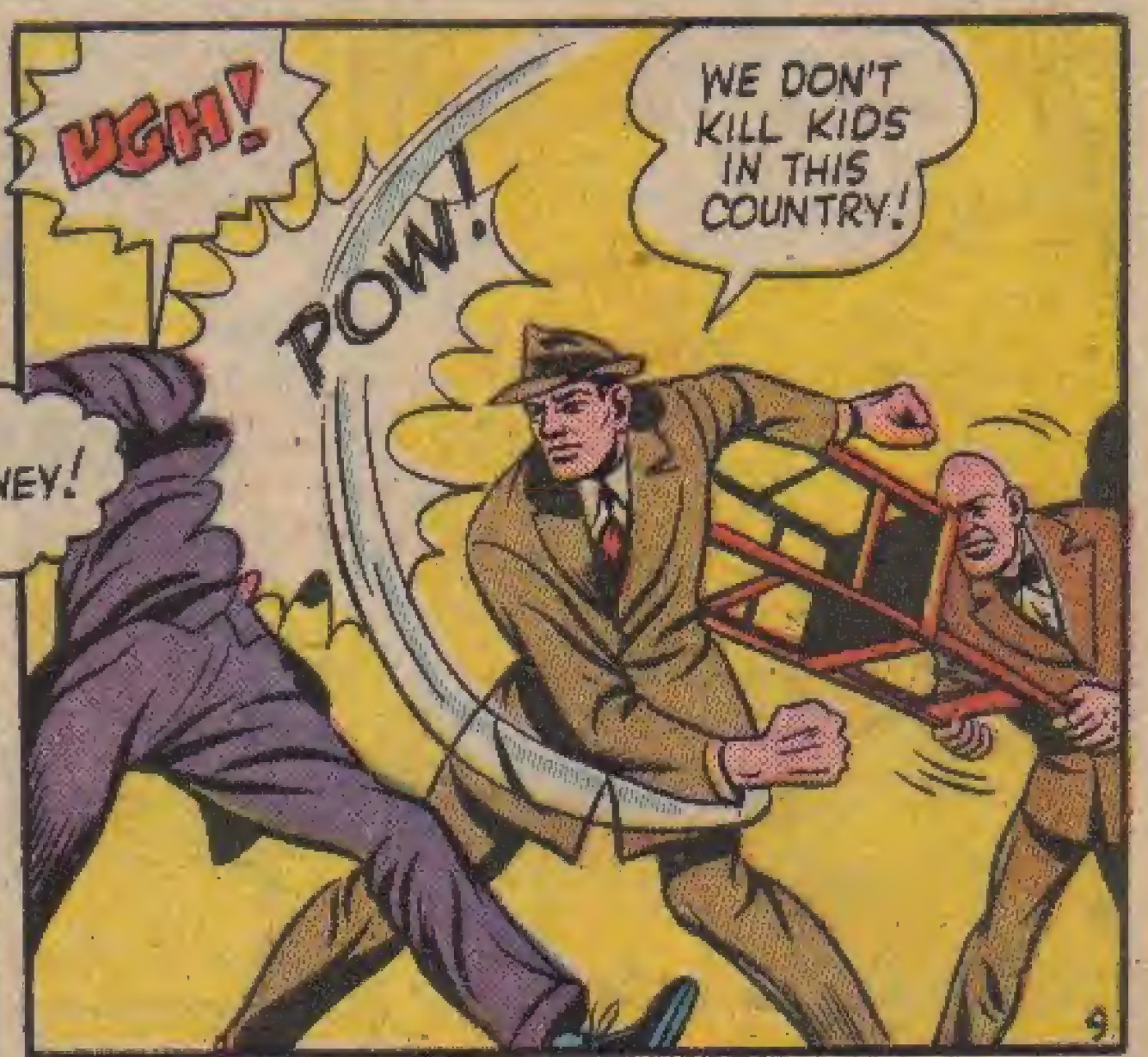
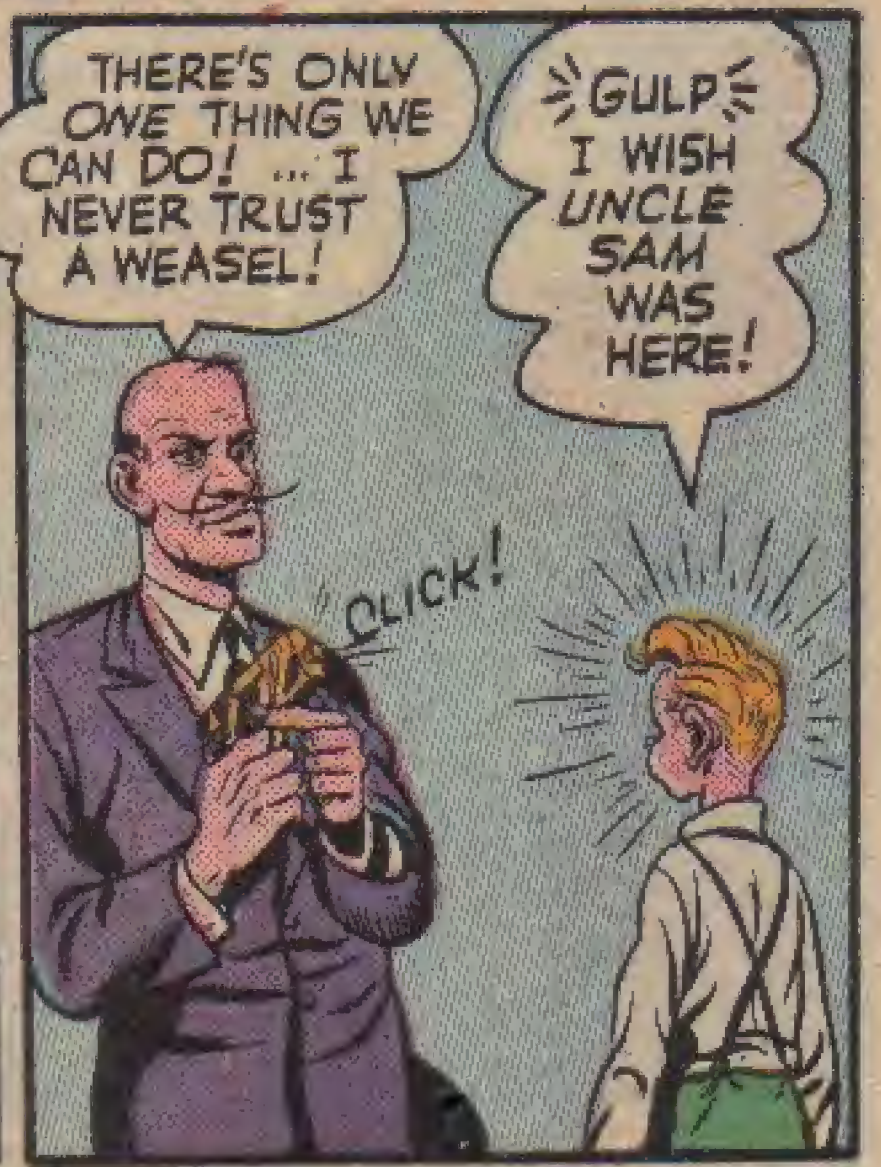
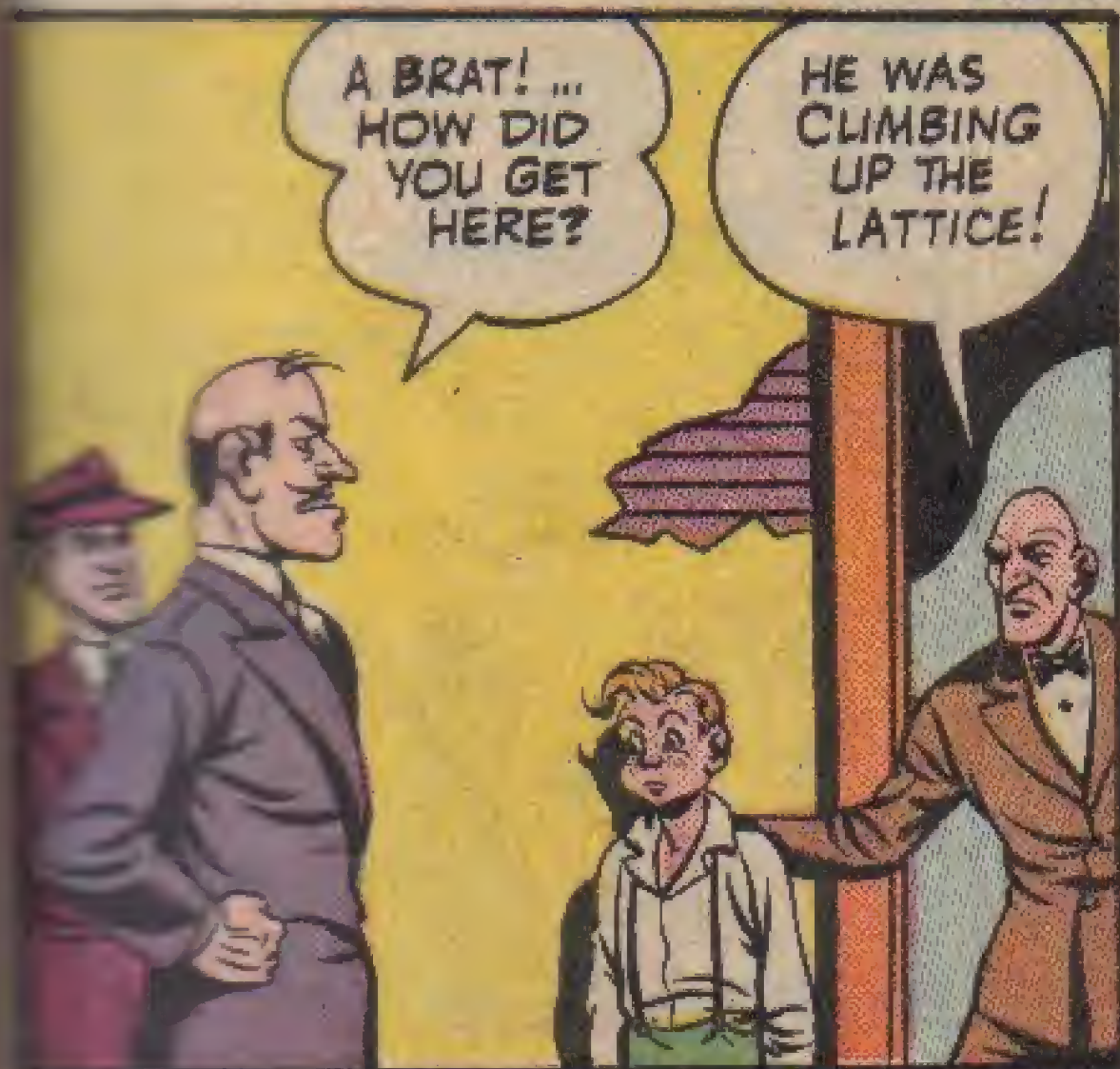
AHHH... OF COURSE!

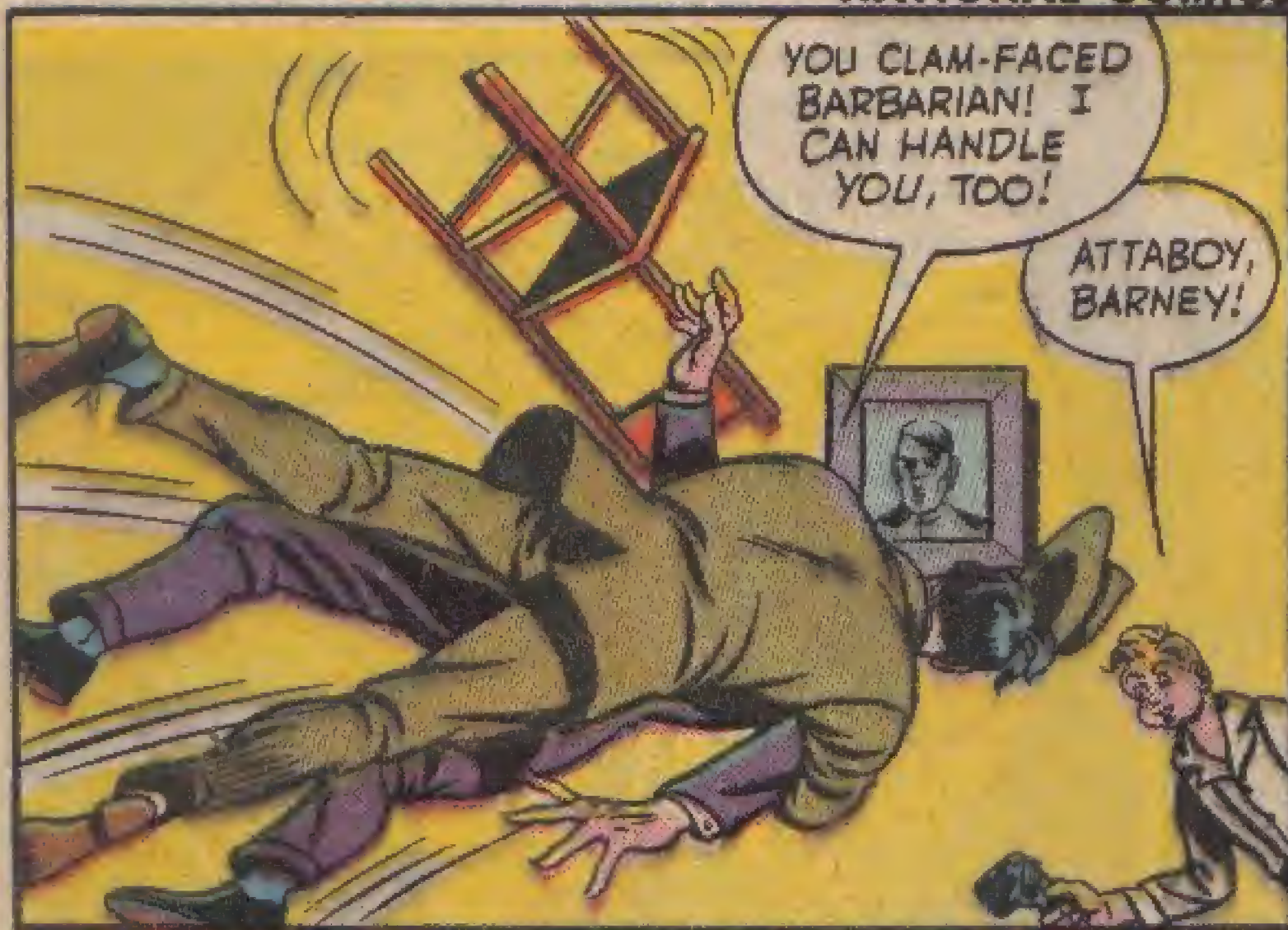


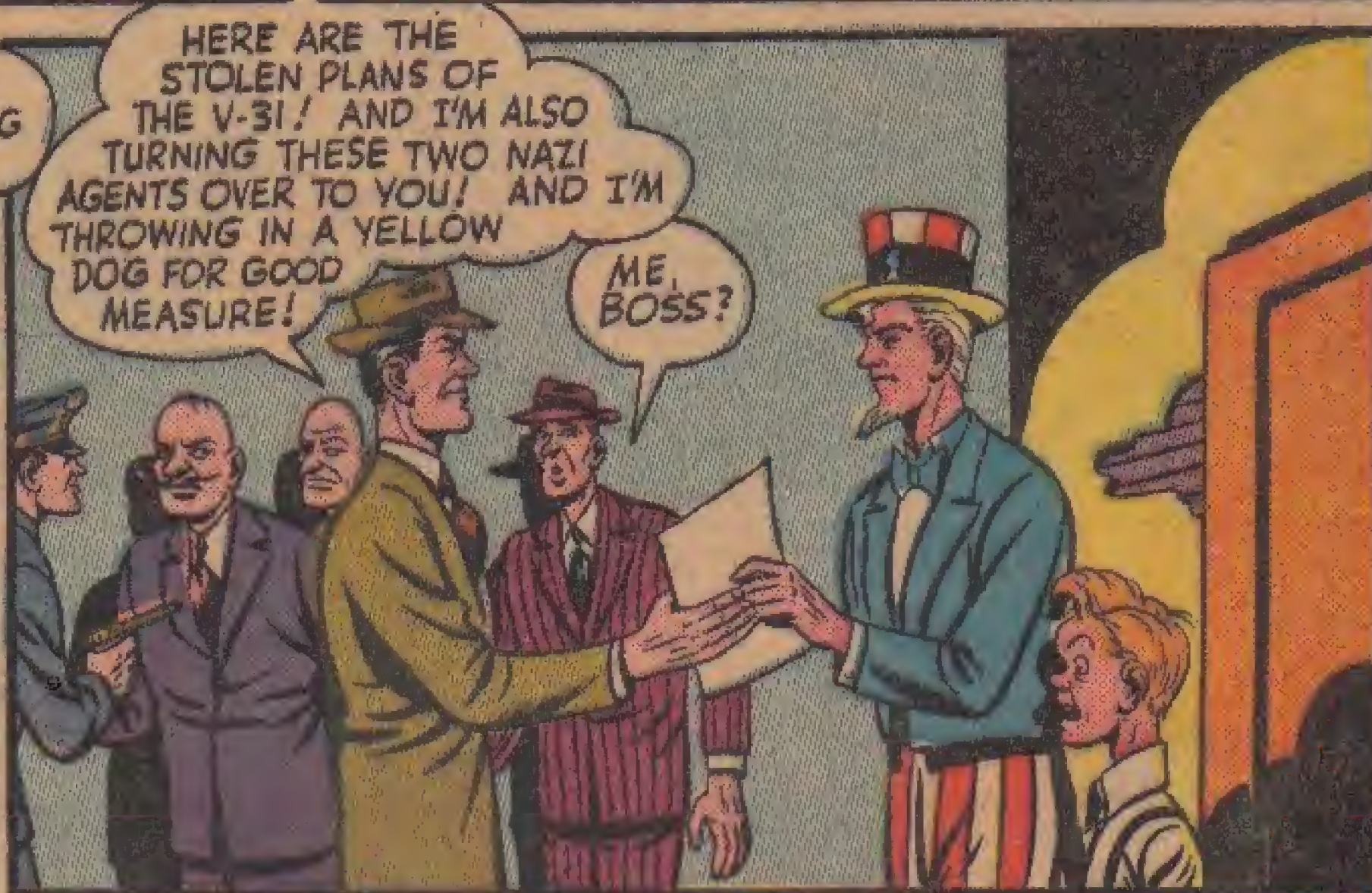
COME THIS WAY! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!











UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

Salty Waters



YOU MUST HAVE HAD SOME THRILLING EXPERIENCES AT SEA!

DID I?!!

LEMME TELL YA ABOUT SOME!



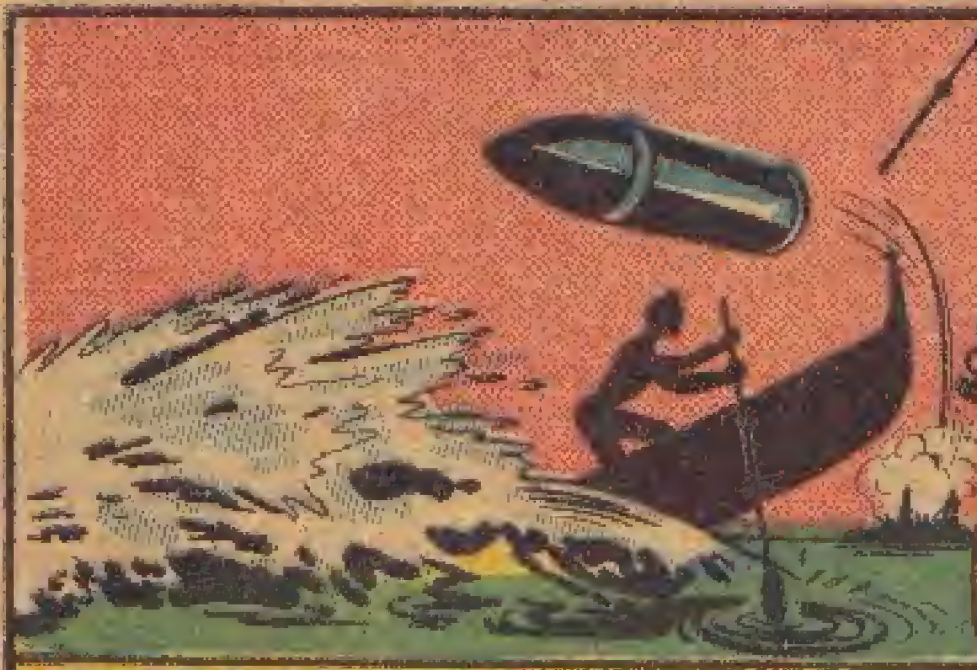
"MAROONED ON A JAP-HELD ISLAND, I ONCE ESCAPED ON A FRAIL, NATIVE DUG-OUT..."



WAVES FIFTY FEET HIGH SOMETIMES SPUN ME AROUND FASTER'N A HUMMIN' BIRD IN A HURRICANE!

"BUCKING TREMENDOUS SEAS, I POINTED THE JITTERY LITTLE TUB FOR THE EAST COAST OF AUSTRALIA..."

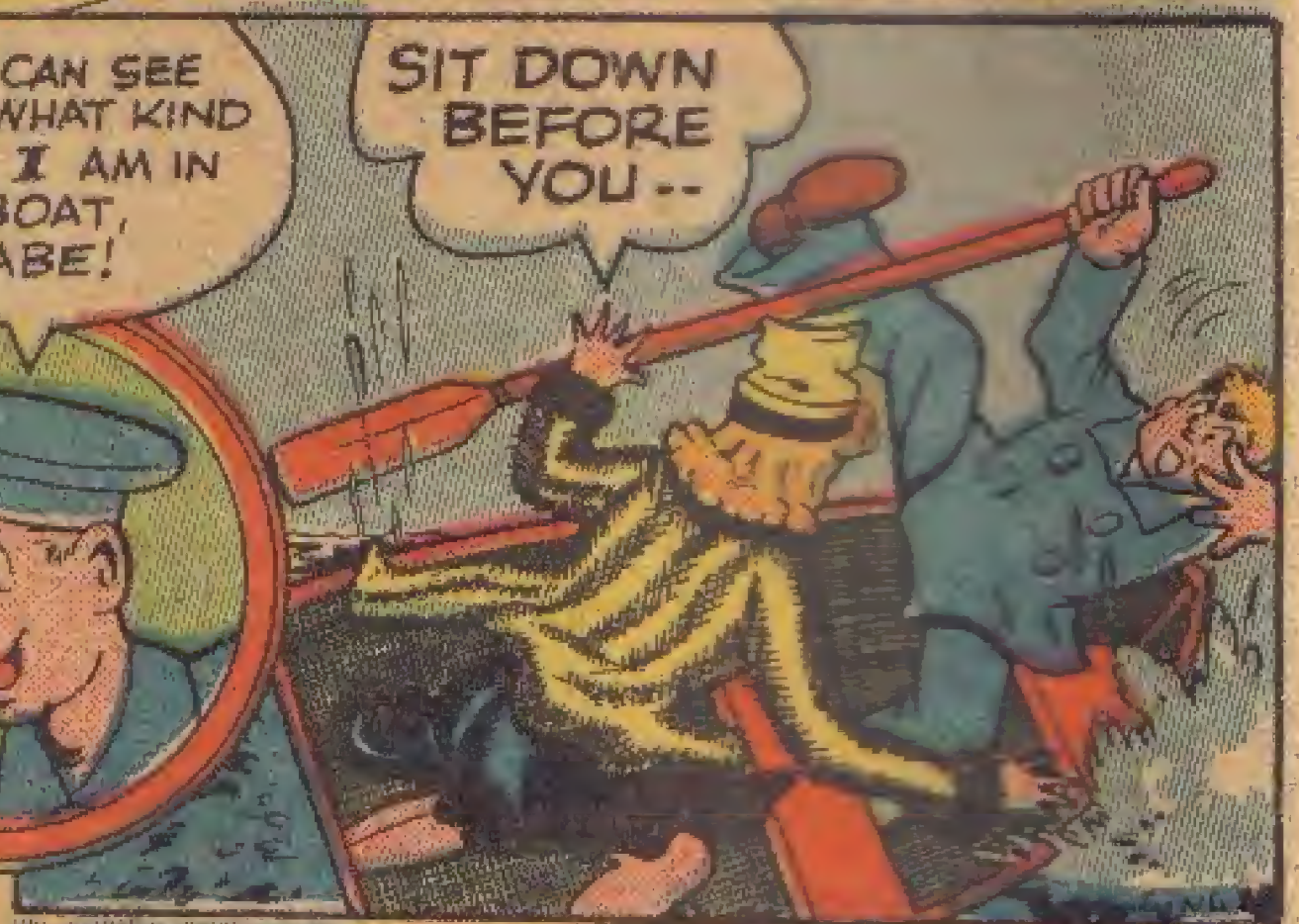
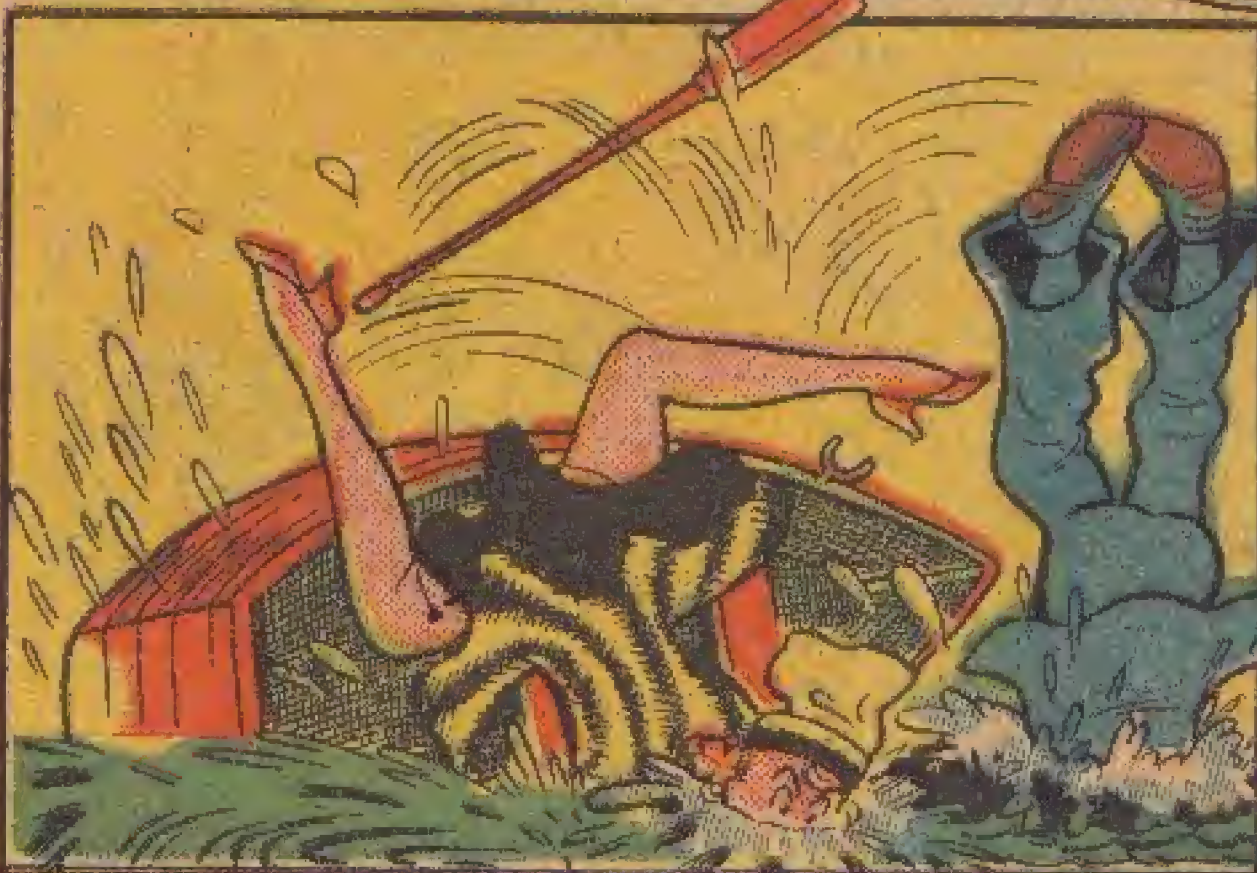
"ONCE A COMBER TOSSED ME TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR, BUT BACK IN THE BOAT I LANDED, AND I STARTED TO PADDLE THE PANTS OFF THE PACIFIC!"



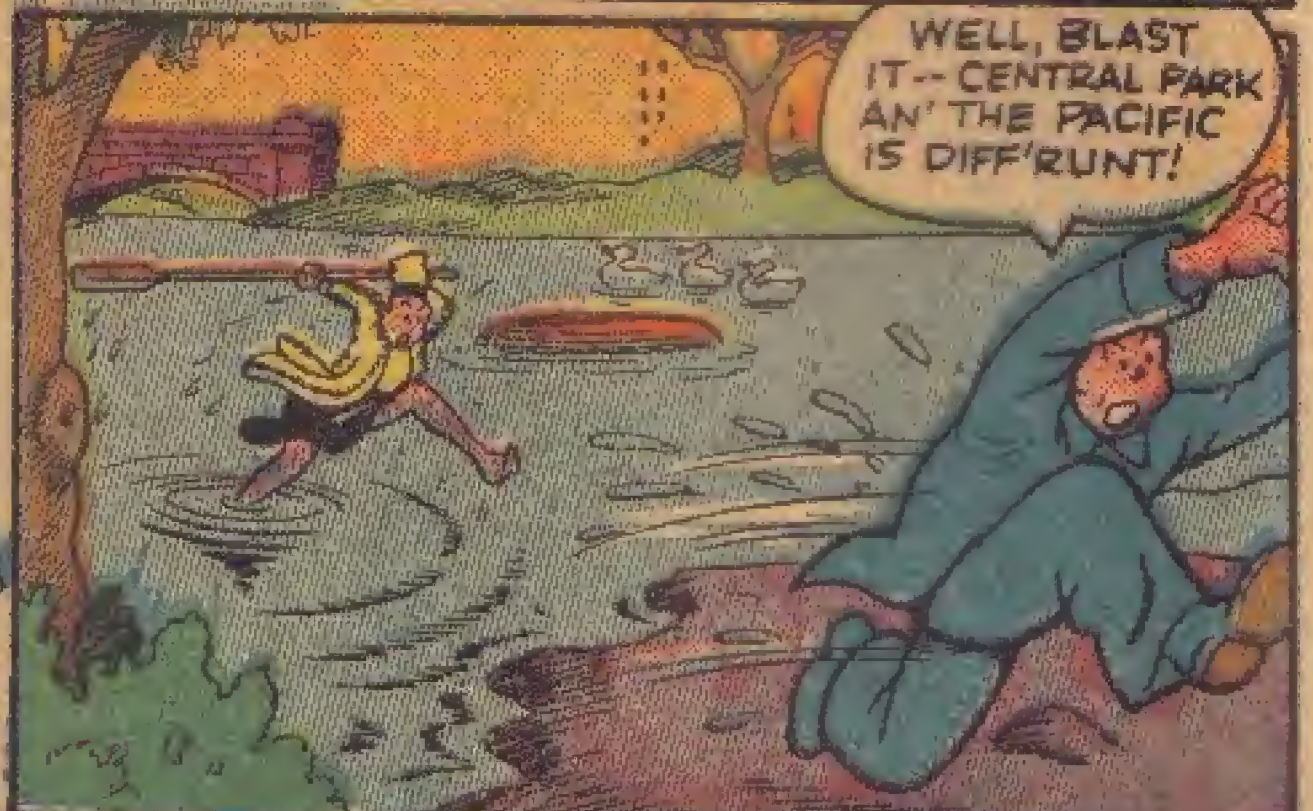
"ONCE A NIP SHIP STARTED SHELLIN' ME, BUT I ROWED SO FAST THAT THEY MUSTA THOUGHT I WAS SOME KIND O' PORPOISE, AND THEY LAID OFF!"

SO YA CAN SEE JUST WHAT KIND O' GUY I AM IN A BOAT, BABE!

SIT DOWN BEFORE YOU --



WELL, BLAST IT-- CENTRAL PARK AN' THE PACIFIC IS DIFF'RUNT!



NATIONAL COMICS

QUICKSILVER

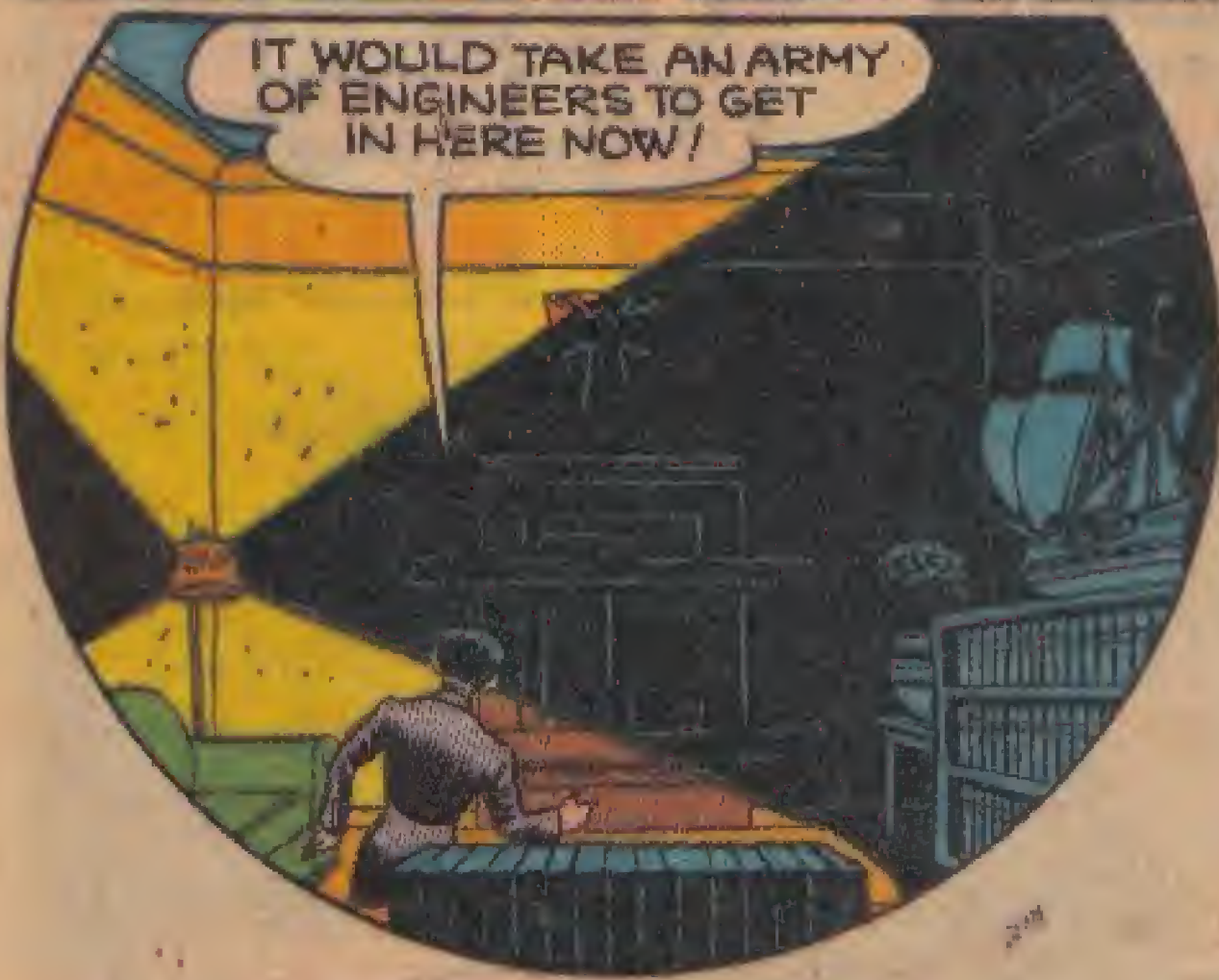


SWIFT AS THE NIGHT WIND - SILENT AS THE SHADOW OF A HAWK - RUTHLESS AS THE KILLER-SHARK AGAINST THE CRUEL MINIONS OF CRIME ... THAT'S **QUICKSILVER**, FORMER CIRCUS ACROBAT TURNED CRIME-FIGHTER! AGAINST SUCH A MIGHTY FIGURE, ORDINARY CRIMINALS STAND LITTLE CHANCE! BUT IT TOOK ALL QUICKSILVER'S AMAZING ABILITIES TO SMASH THE EERIE MURDER PATTERN OF THE...

THREE BLACK CATS!

BY FRED
GUARDINEER

NIGHT, AND WEALTHY MARTIN BRUN RETIRES TO HIS SECLUDED DEN!





Y-YOU!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
HOW COULD
YOU GET
UP HERE?
NOBODY
COULD...

NOBODY
BUT A
CAT.
BRUN!
AND WE
ARE CATS-
BLACK
CATS!

ONCE WE WERE
FOUR BLACK
CATS! NOW-
BECAUSE OF
YOU-WE
ARE ONLY
THREE!

WAIT!
WH-WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO?

WHAT
DOES AN
ENRAGED
CAT ALWAYS
DO, MARTIN
BRUN?

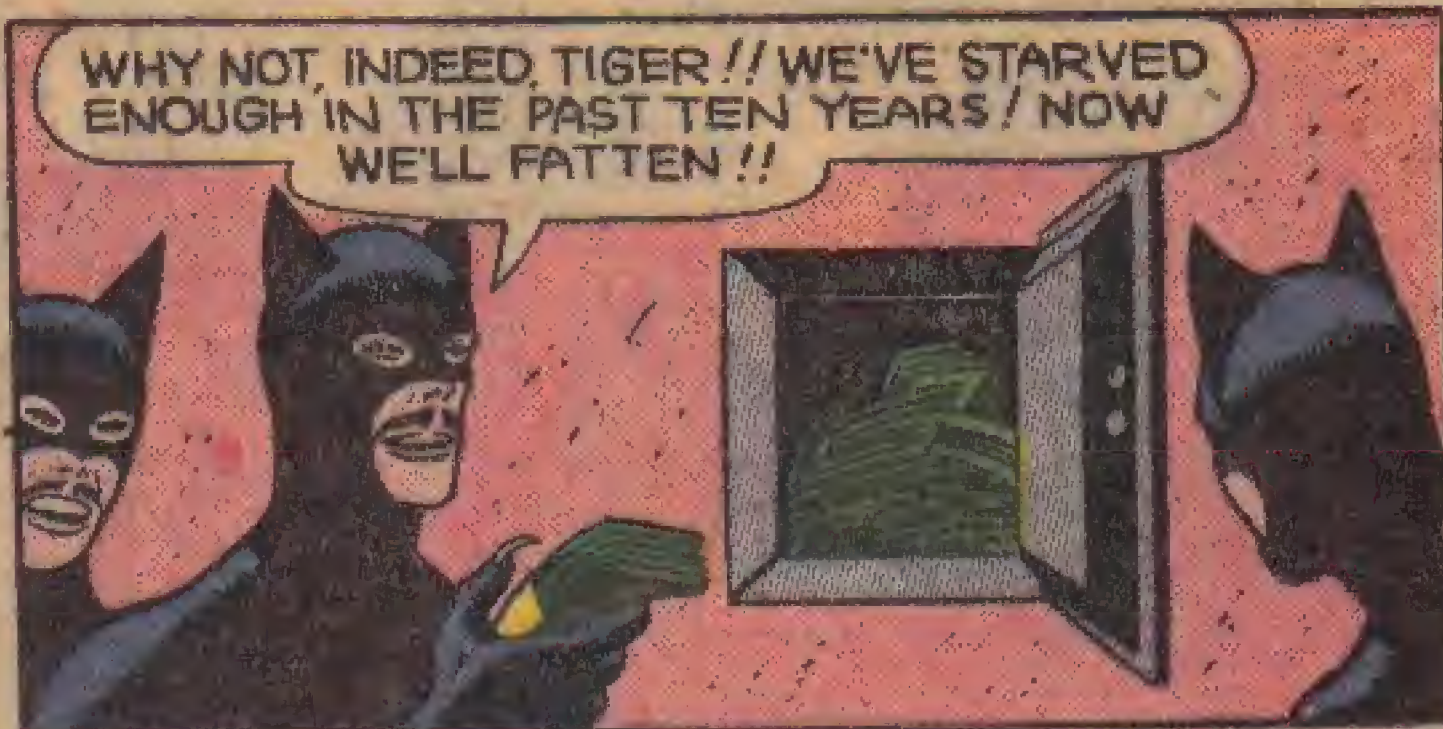
NO! NO!! MERCIFUL HEAVEN, NOT
THAT! I'LL PAY!! MY SAFE IS FULL
OF MONEY - CASH...



IT IS FINISHED!
WE'D BETTER
GO...

WAIT, TOM! HE SPOKE
OF A SAFE FULL OF
MONEY! WHY NOT...??

AGH...



WHY NOT, INDEED, TIGER!! WE'VE STARVED
ENOUGH IN THE PAST TEN YEARS! NOW
WE'LL FATTEN!!

NEXT DAY, IN QUICKSILVER'S HIDDEN LABORATORY!!



WHAT A HAUL - AND MAYBE
TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL
HIT ANOTHER
JACKPOT!!



...DEATH CAME TO MARTIN
BRUN, THE MILLIONAIRE,
WHO WAS FOUND MURDERED...

MARTIN
BRUN! THAT
NAME IS
FAMILIAR-VERY
FAMILIAR...

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BRUN-BRUN... WAIT! I REMEMBER NOW! WHEN I WAS WITH THE CIRCUS, MARTIN BRUN WAS MANAGER OF A RIVAL CIRCUS... HE AND TWO SILENT PARTNERS, KANE AND ABELL, SOLD OUT YEARS AGO, CLEANED UP IN THE STOCK MARKET AND RETIRED! LET'S SEE...



OH, YES! HE GOT A BAD REPUTATION BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T LET ANY ARTISTS USE SAFETY NETS OR BELTS IN THEIR AERIAL ACTS! AND 10 YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE FOUR VARDONI BROTHERS, AERIAL ARTISTS, FELL AND WAS KILLED DURING AN EVENING PERFORMANCE!



THE RADIO SAID ENTRANCE WAS IMPOSSIBLE - BUT IT WASN'T! A CLEVER AERIALIST COULD MANAGE THAT RADIO AERIAL NICELY...



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THE OTHER PARTNERS OF BRUN ARE IN DANGER! SAM ABELL LIVES IN A PENTHOUSE HERE IN TOWN!



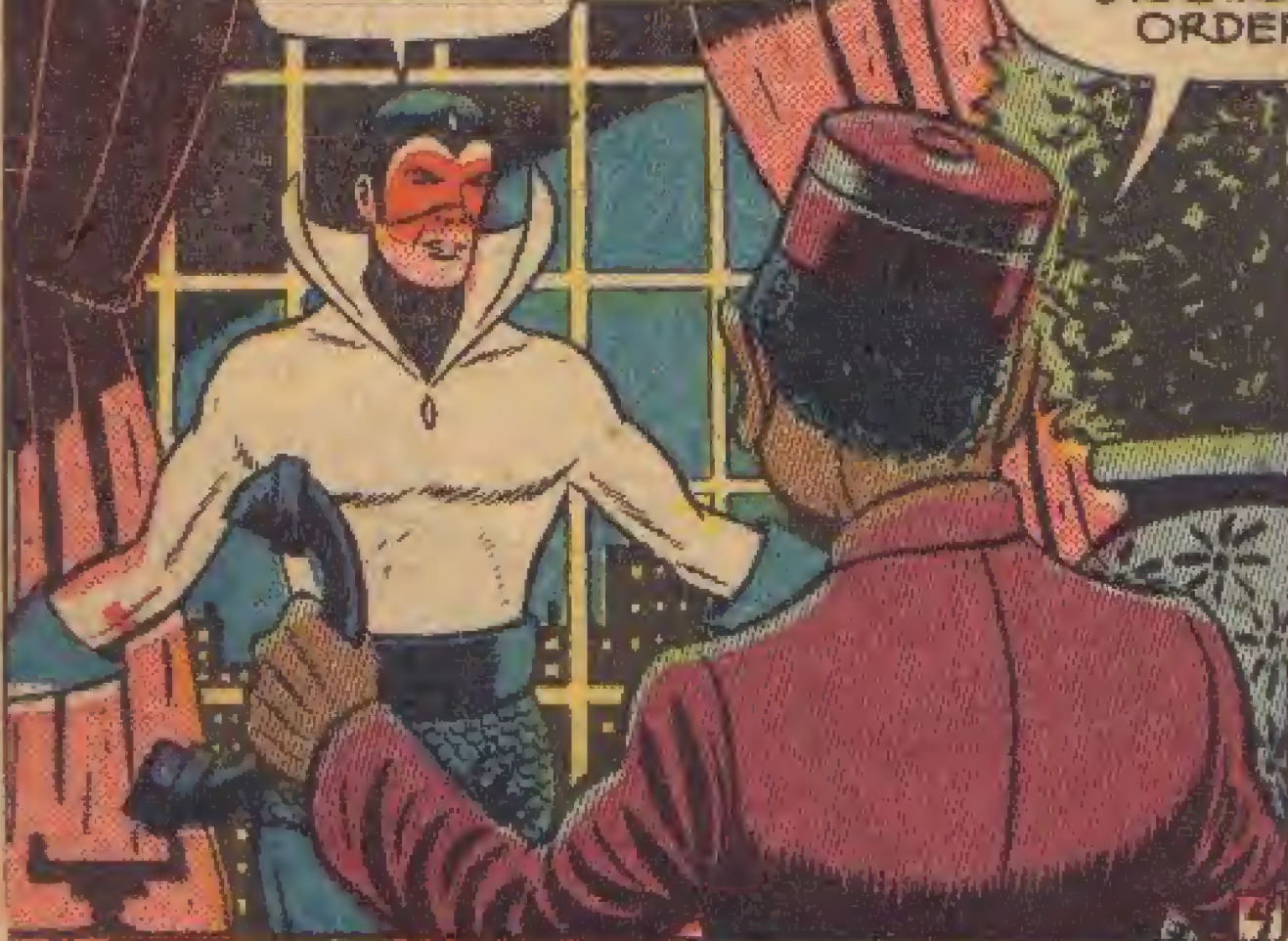
NO, SUH! MISTUH ABELL DONE LEF' WORD NOBODY TO GIT UP TO HIS PENTHOUSE TONIGHT! HE DONE LOCK IT UP TIGHT!!



THEN PHONE HIM! SAY IT'S QUICKSILVER TO SAVE HIS LIFE!!



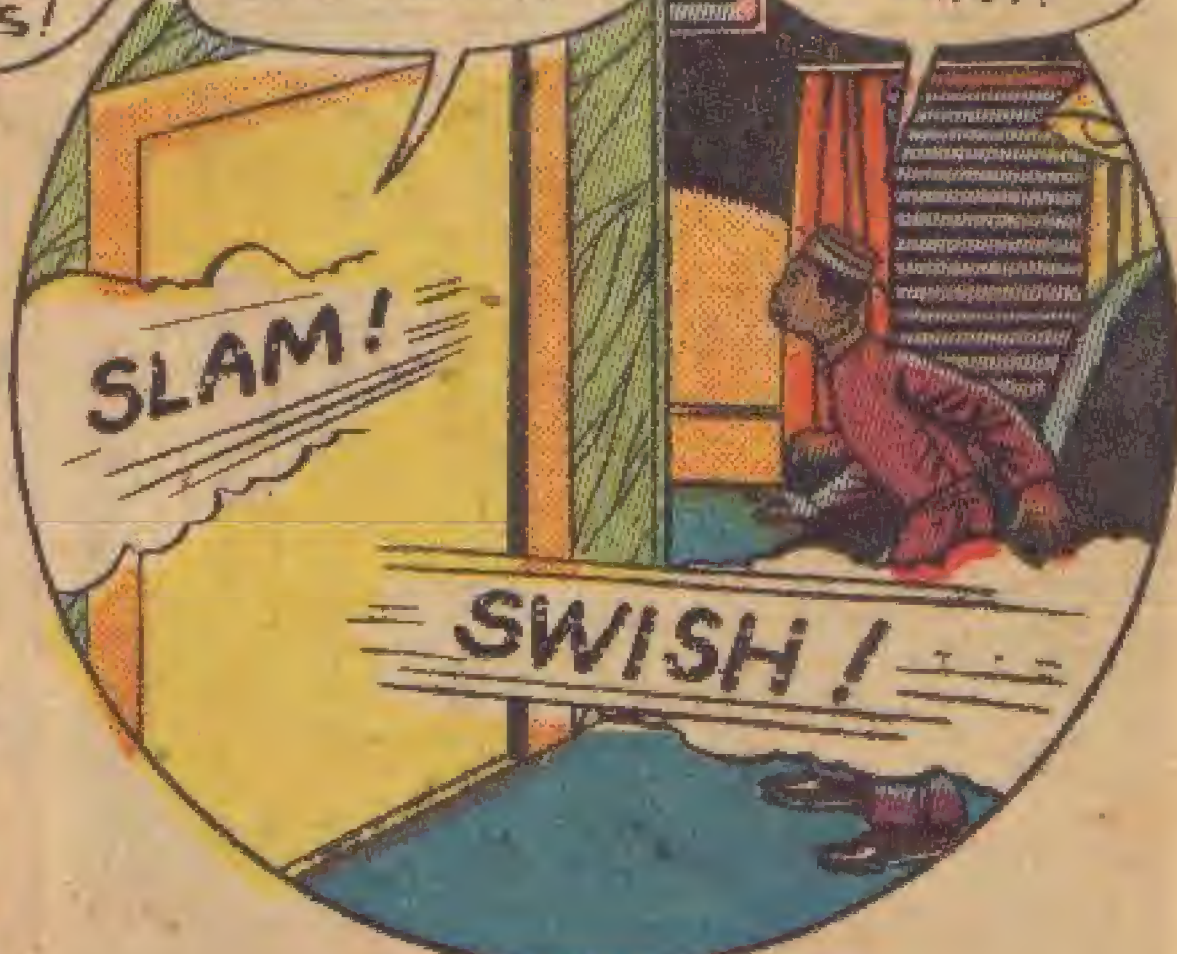
HE DOESN'T ANSWER! THEN IT'S ESSENTIAL TO GET ME UP THERE! A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!!



NO, SUH! IT'S A MATTEH OF MAH NECK IF AH DISOBEYS ORDERS!

SORRY, FRIEND, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO ARGUE A MAN'S LIFE AWAY!!

MAH GOLLIES! FUST HE IS, DEN HE AIN'T!





HE DOESN'T ANSWER HIS BELL BUT I CAN HEAR A FURTIVE MOVEMENT! THIS IS NO TIME FOR THE NICETIES OF A SOCIAL VISIT...



I'M GOING THROUGH!



WHA...?? QUICKSILVER! THE LATE QUICKSILVER- TOO LATE TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!



BUT NOT TOO LATE TO NAB THE KILLERS!



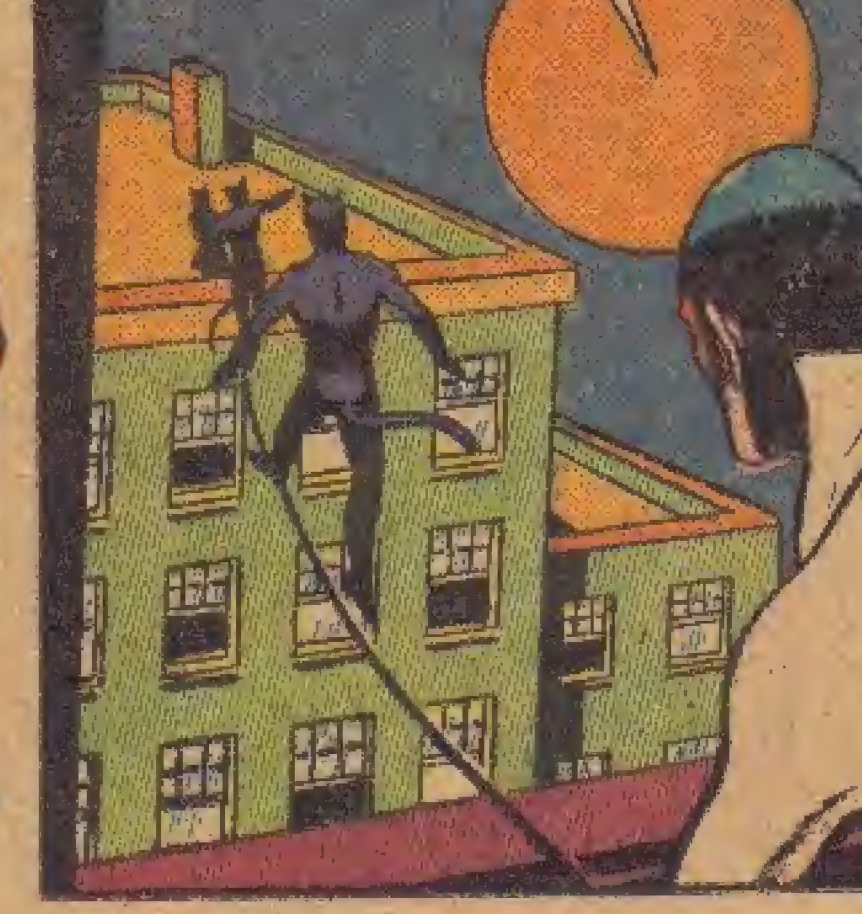
EVEN YOU CAN BE WRONG SOMETIMES!!



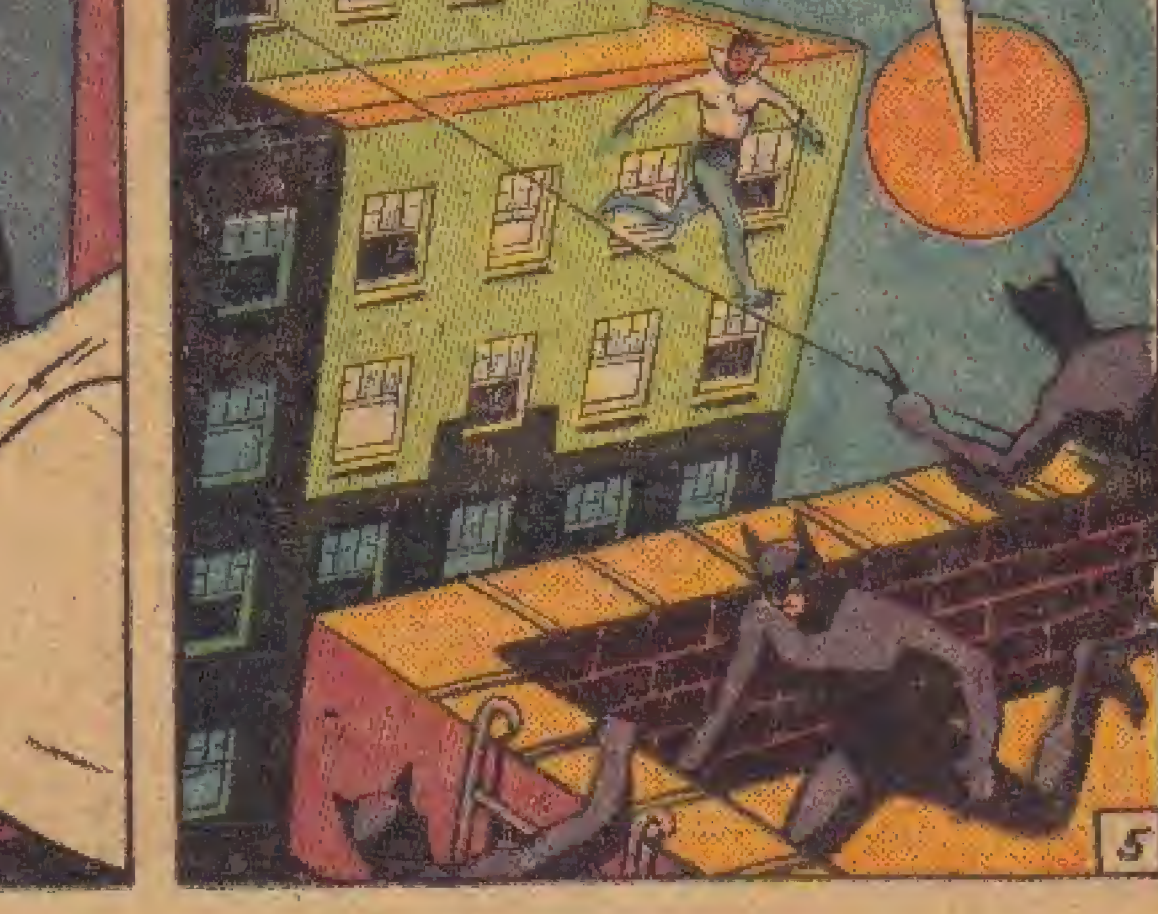
NOW - FOR INSTANCE !! - OOOFF !



WHAT A SLUG! LUCKY I'M HARD-HEADED... BUT THEY'RE ESCAPING!

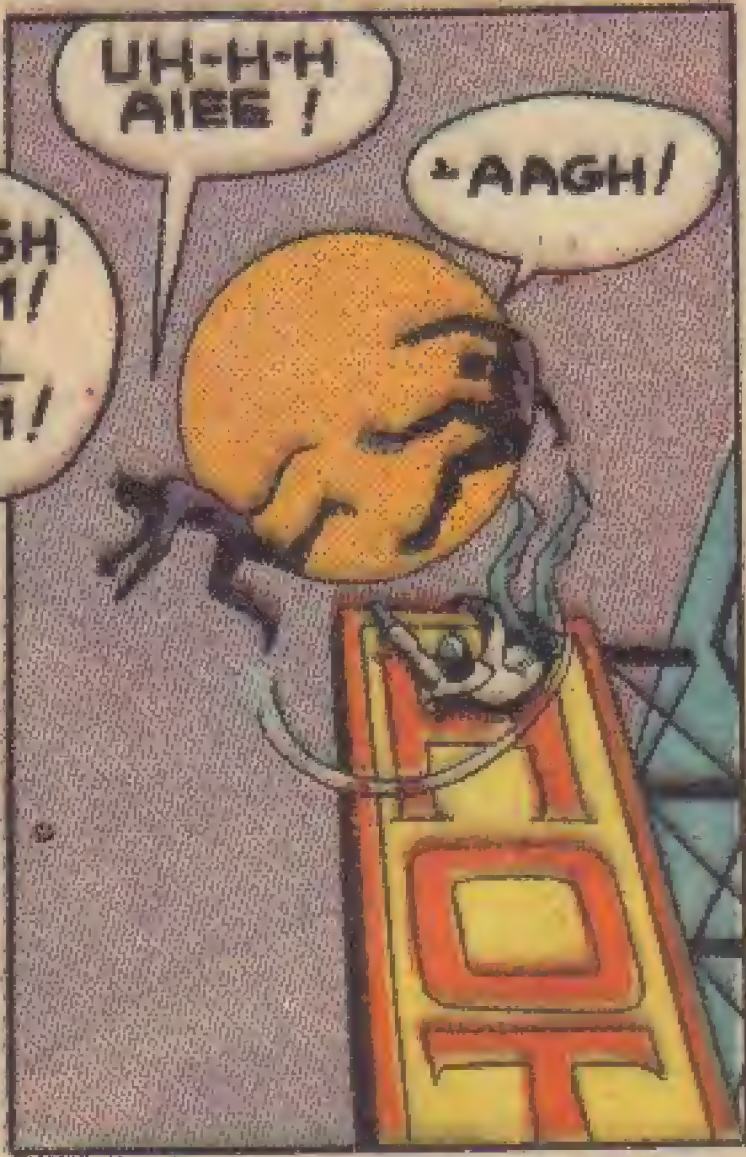
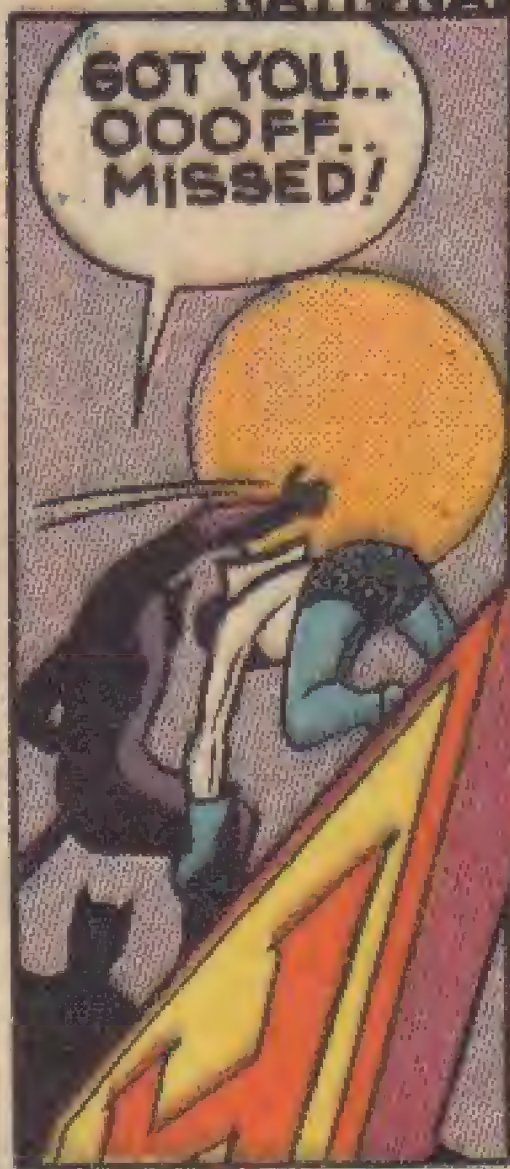


THAT'S A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT - IF THEY'RE BOTH EX-CIRCUS PERFORMERS!



I DON'T LIKE TO DO THIS BUT WE'RE IN TOO DEEP TO BE STOPPED NOW!





QUICKSILVER SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS

NATIONAL COMICS

SALLY O'NEIL

and The
MYSTERIOUS
RAJA YASHI

By
Al. Bryant



Sally O'Neil meets
the satanic
Raja Yashi!!
She finds herself
caught in a maze
of trickery... the
evil practice of
Black Magic!
But read for
yourself this
strange story of
the mysterious
Raja Yashi!

AS SALLY IS WALKING DOWN THE STREET, SHE SUDDENLY STOPS IN HER TRACKS!...



WHEW!... THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! WHAT WERE YOU DOING?

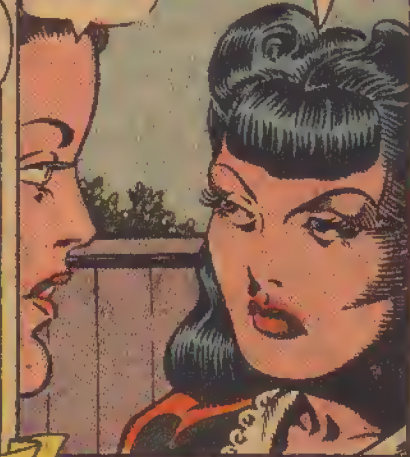
I--I--- DON'T KNOW!

YOU DELIBERATELY THREW YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THAT CAR! WERE YOU ATTEMPTING SUICIDE?

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

YOU'RE TERRIBLY SHAKEN! MY OFFICE IS DOWN THE STREET! YOU CAN REST THERE!

I'M IN SUCH TROUBLE!



I WANT MY MONEY BACK! ALL MY MONEY IS ---

YES!... WHAT ABOUT YOUR MONEY?

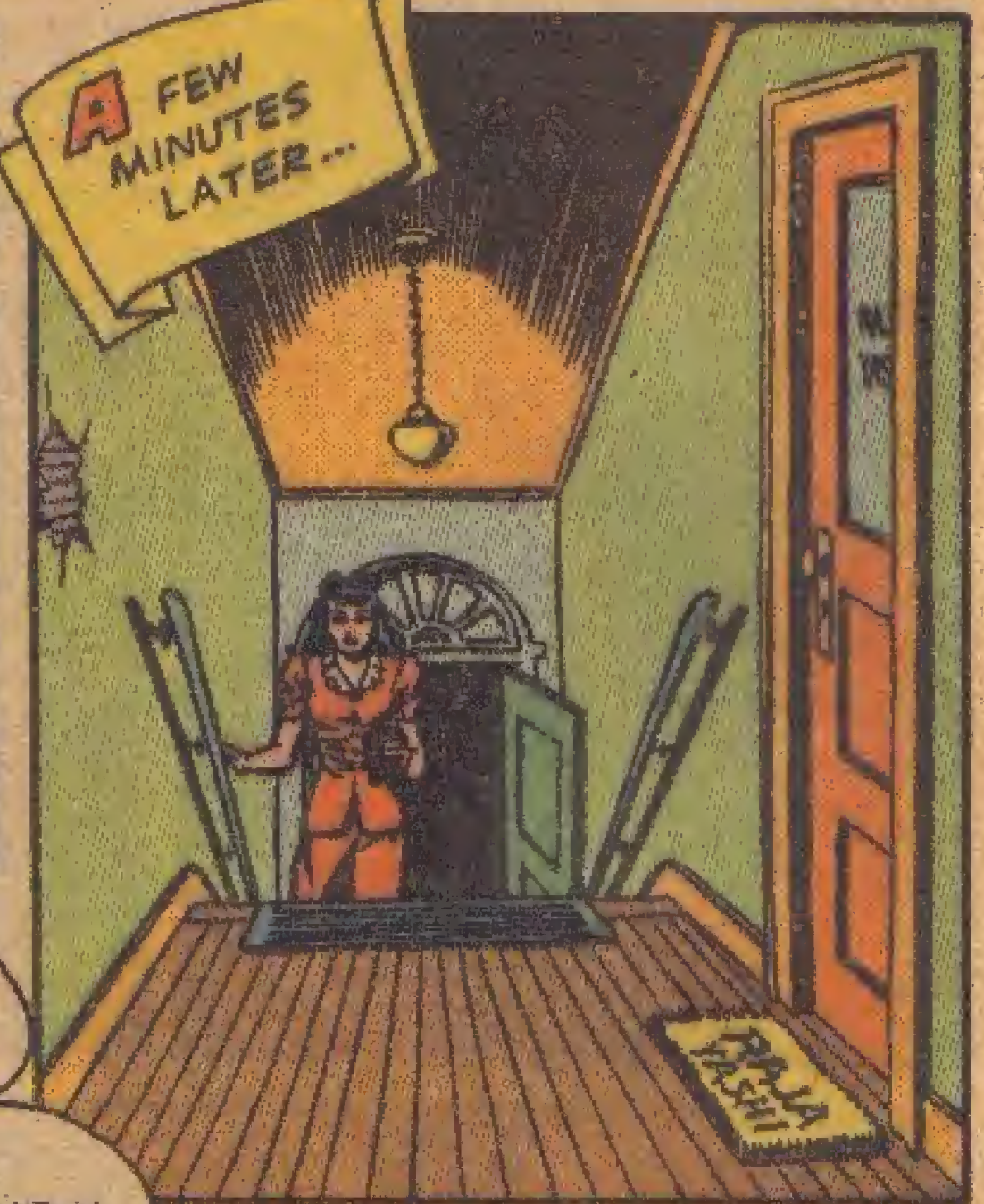
A SUDDEN CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN THE STRANGE WOMAN!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

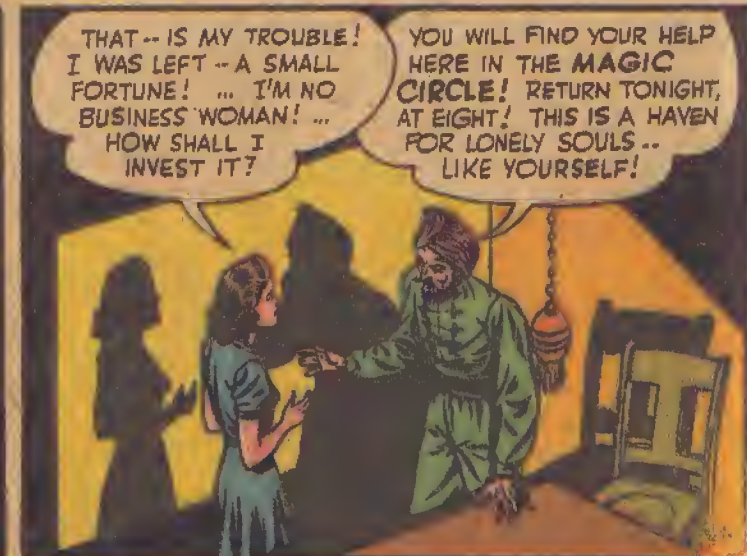
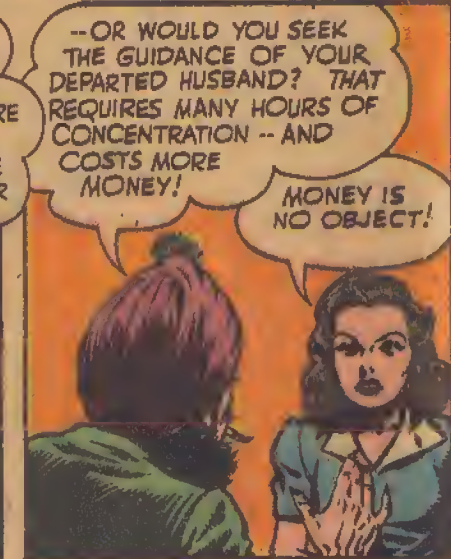
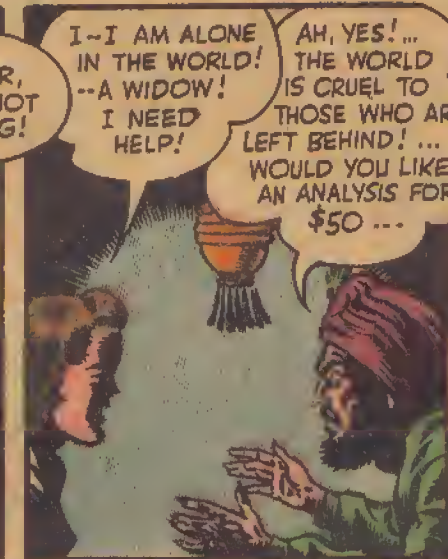
?

BUT... I WANT TO HELP YOU!





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WHEW! THAT'S THE SPOOKIEST AND PHONIEST GUY I EVER MET! THERE'S SOME DIRTY WORK AFOOT HERE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SALLY ENTERS THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE SERGEANT...

SALLY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THE ENTIRE FORCE MUST BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SCARFACE STONE!

YOU MEAN THE GUY WHO ESCAPED FROM ALCATRAZ! THAT WAS THREE MONTHS AGO!



HE COMPLETELY ELUDED THE POLICE! --VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! ... THE MOST AMAZING AND BAFFLING ESCAPE EVER KNOWN!

THEN WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S IN THIS VICINITY?



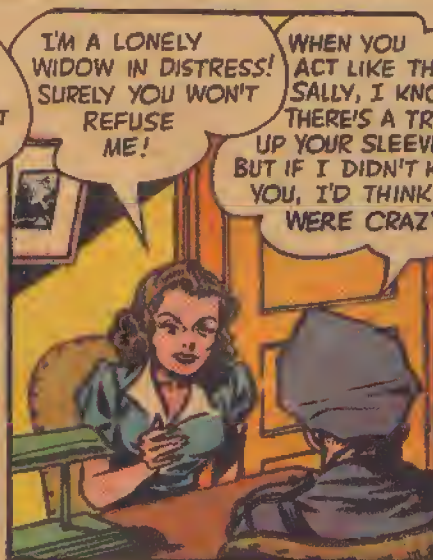
IT MAY BE SHEER COINCIDENCE, BUT A MAN ANSWERING THIS DESCRIPTION BOUGHT A TICKET IN YUMA AND IS KNOWN TO HAVE COME HERE!

THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT I'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT! IN THE MEANTIME, SARGE, HOW ABOUT LENDING ME A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS UNTIL TOMORROW?



ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?

NO, BUT I MAY BE! INCIDENTALLY, COULD YOU THROW KELLY IN WITH THAT -- FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS TONIGHT?



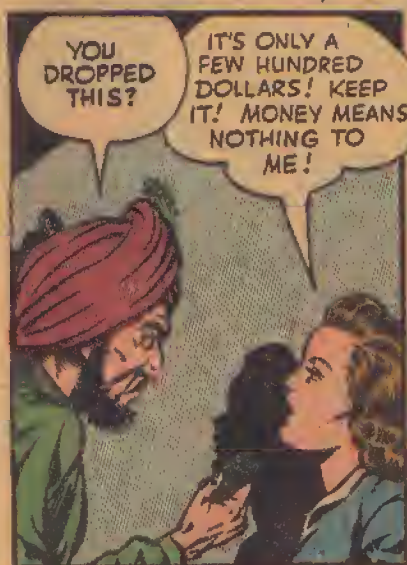
I'M A LONELY WIDOW IN DISTRESS! SURELY YOU WON'T REFUSE ME!

WHEN YOU ACT LIKE THIS, SALLY, I KNOW THERE'S A TRICK UP YOUR SLEEVE! BUT IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU, I'D THINK YOU WERE CRAZY!

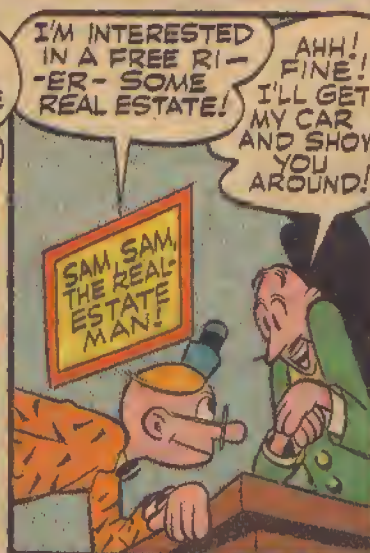
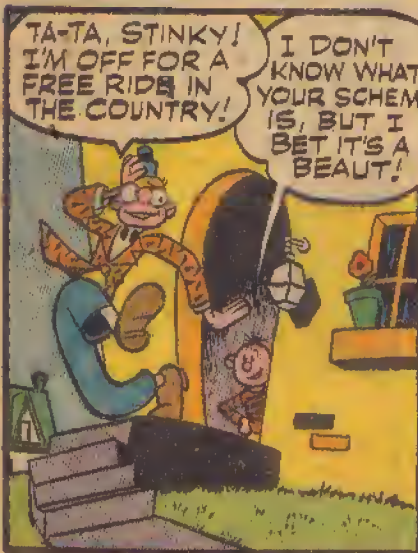
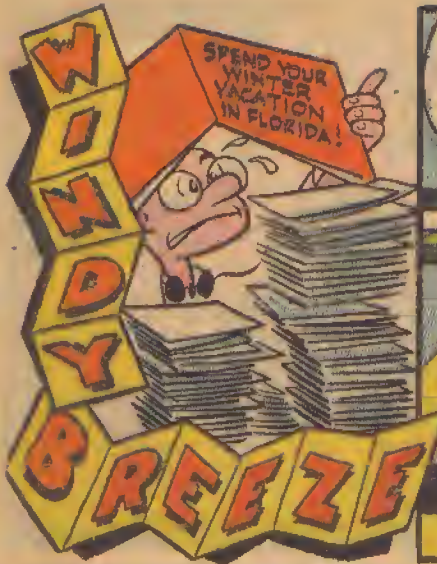


MAYBE I AM! I'M GOING TO MAKE A SMALL CONTRIBUTION TO THE MAGIC CIRCLE FOR LONELY SOULS!









DESTROYER 171

THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER WAS BADLY CRIPPLED! ... THERE WASN'T ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED THAT THE PROUD FLAT-TOP WOULD EVER REACH THE NAVAL BASE!

BUT DESTROYER 171, THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE," IS USED TO BATTLING HEAVY ODDS! AND HER TOUGH SEA-WISE SKIPPER TOOK A DESPERATE GAMBLE ON A PERILOUS RUN THROUGH SUB-INFESTED WATERS TO SAVE A MIGHTY QUEEN OF THE U.S. NAVY FROM DESTRUCTION!



THE DAY BEGINS FOR COMMANDER BLAKE WITH A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER....

THE "SCHRENVILLE'S" BADLY HURT! JAP BOMBERS CRIPPLED HER STEERING GEAR!

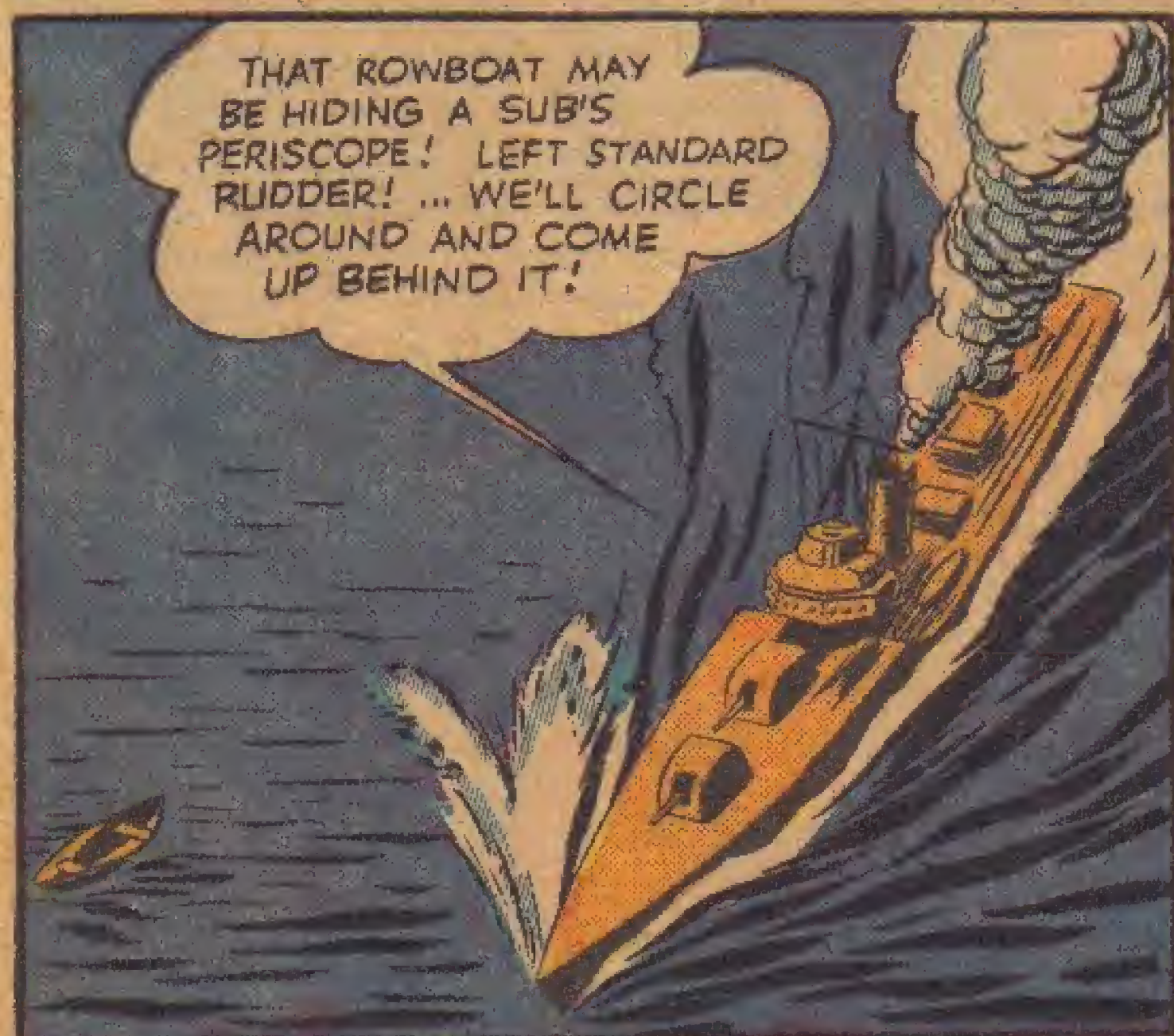
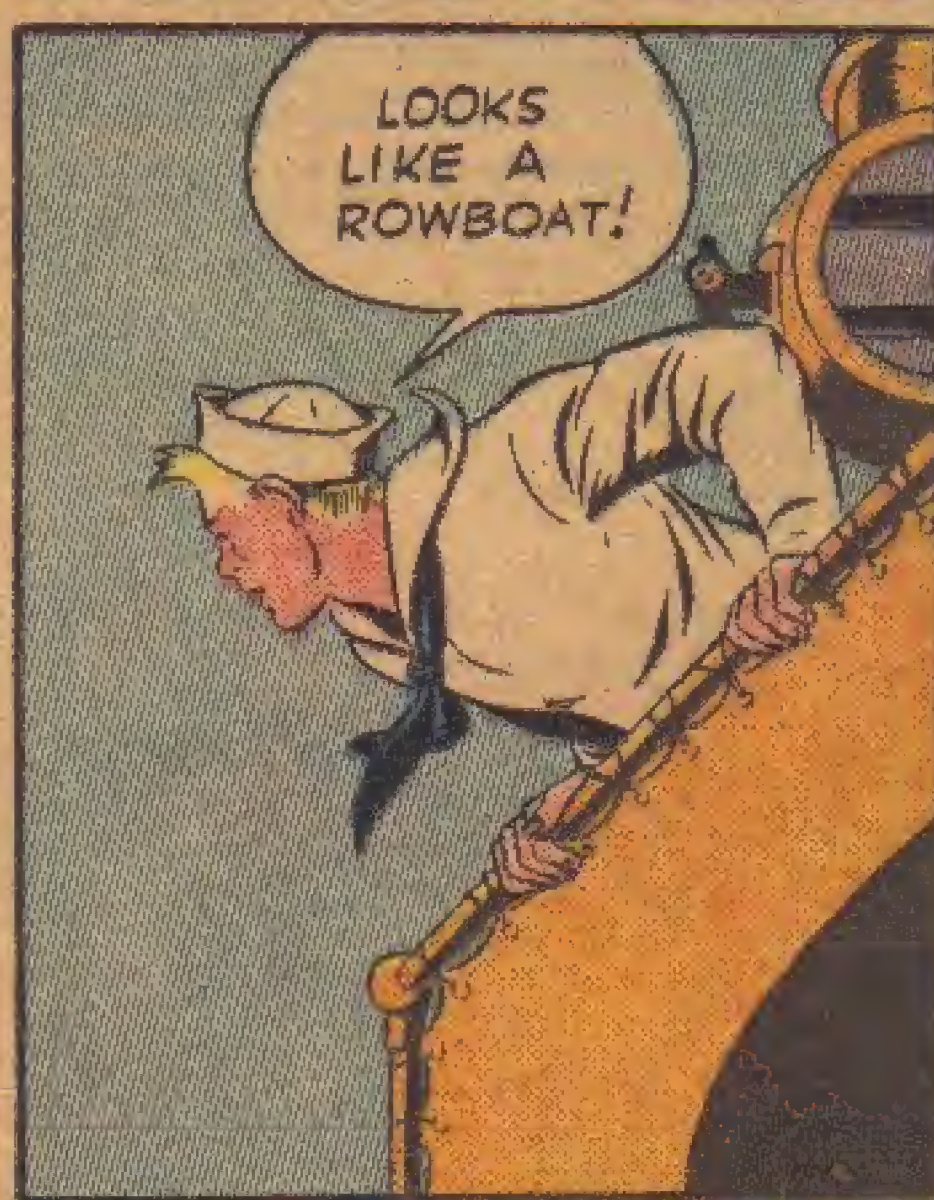
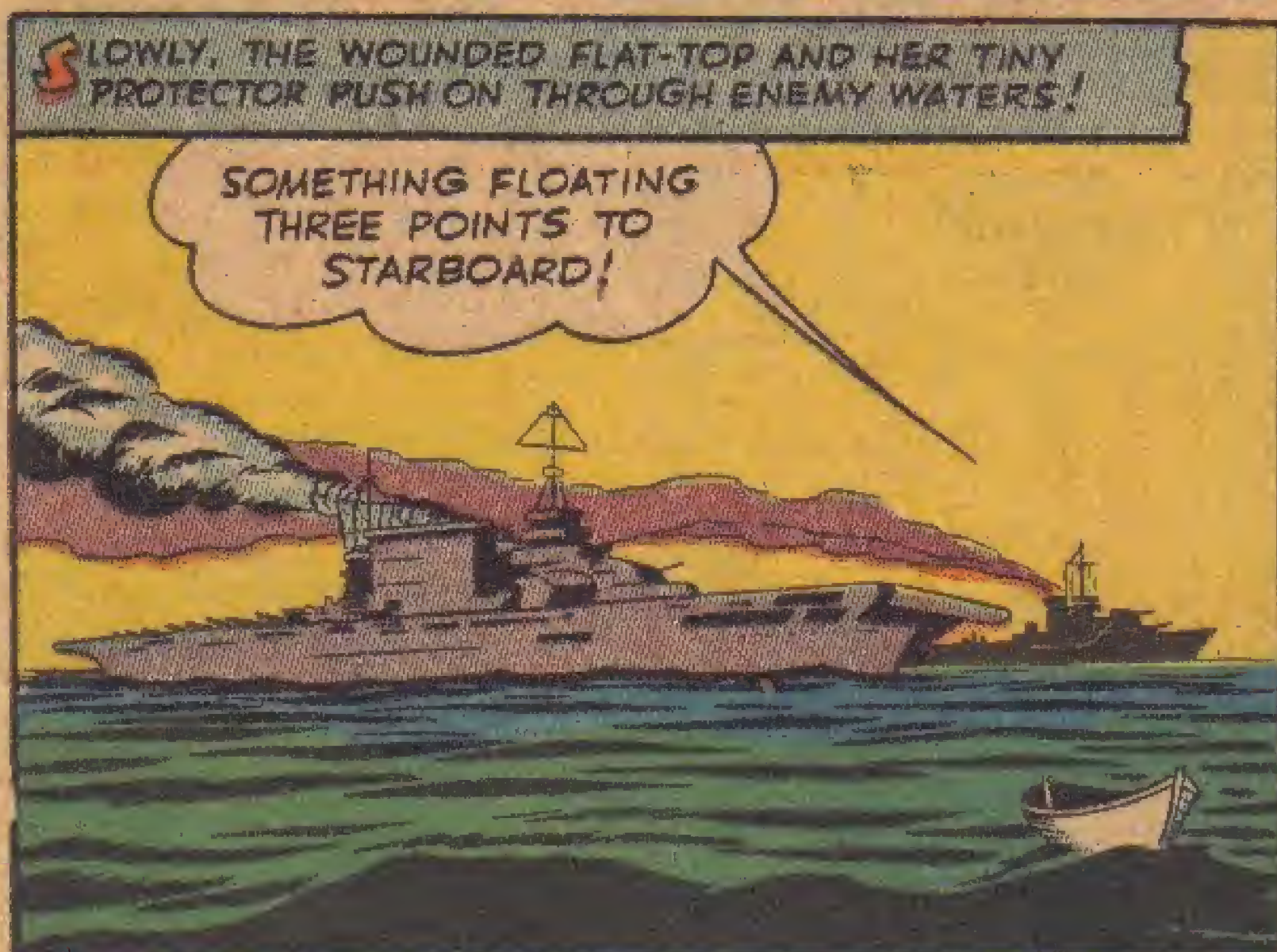
WE'LL CHANGE COURSE TO MEET THE "SCHRENVILLE"! WE'LL ESCORT HER BACK TO THE NAVAL BASE!

THAT'S A JOB FOR A BATTLESHIP, SIR!

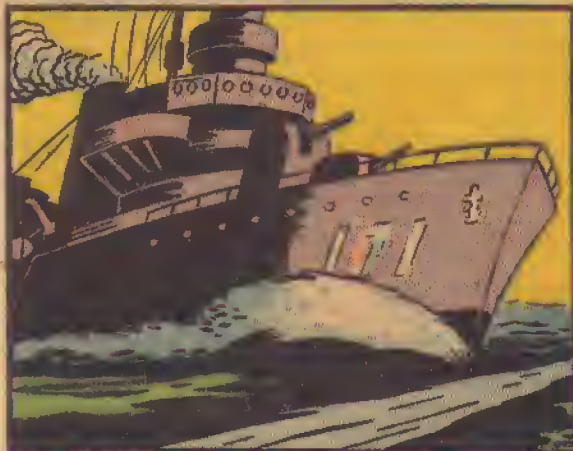


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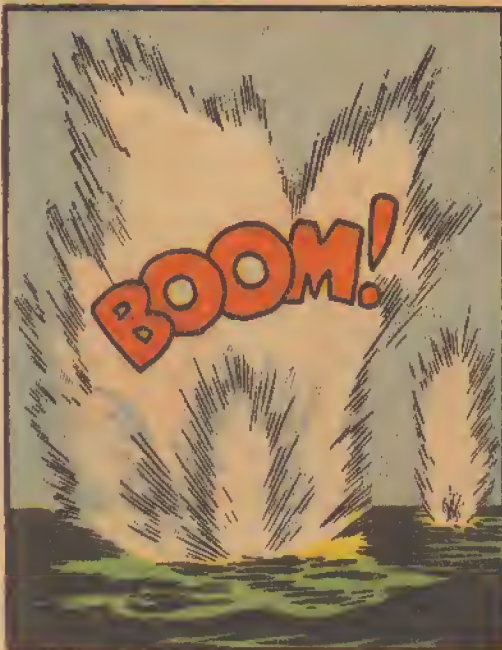
THE FAST-MOVING DESTROYER HEELS FAR OVER TO AVOID THE STREAKING MISSILE OF DEATH!



PLANT A DEPTH BOMB EVERY FIFTY YARDS! WE'LL BRACKET HER!



BOOM!

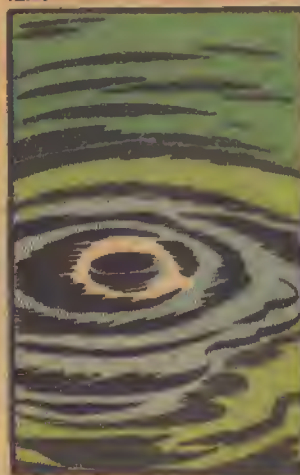


DO YOU SEE AN OIL SLICK?

THERE IT IS, SIR!

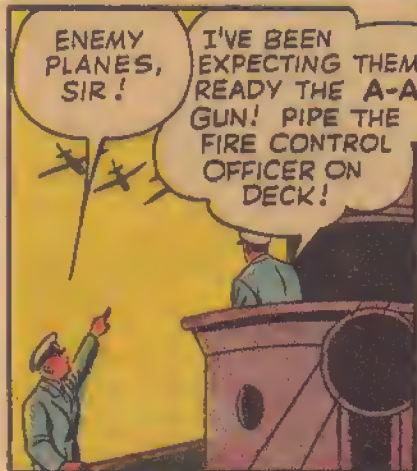


A BLACK STAIN MARKS THE WATER WHERE A JAP SUB WILL NEVER RISE AGAIN!



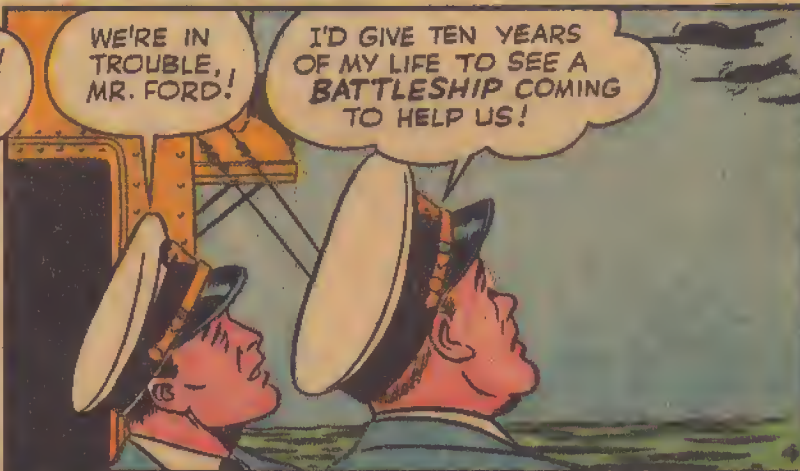
ENEMY PLANES, SIR!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THEM! READY THE A-A GUN! PIPE THE FIRE CONTROL OFFICER ON DECK!



WE'RE IN TROUBLE, MR. FORD!

I'D GIVE TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE TO SEE A BATTLESHIP COMING TO HELP US!



THE FIRST ATTACK SMASHES THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE CRIPPLED "SCHRENVILLE"....

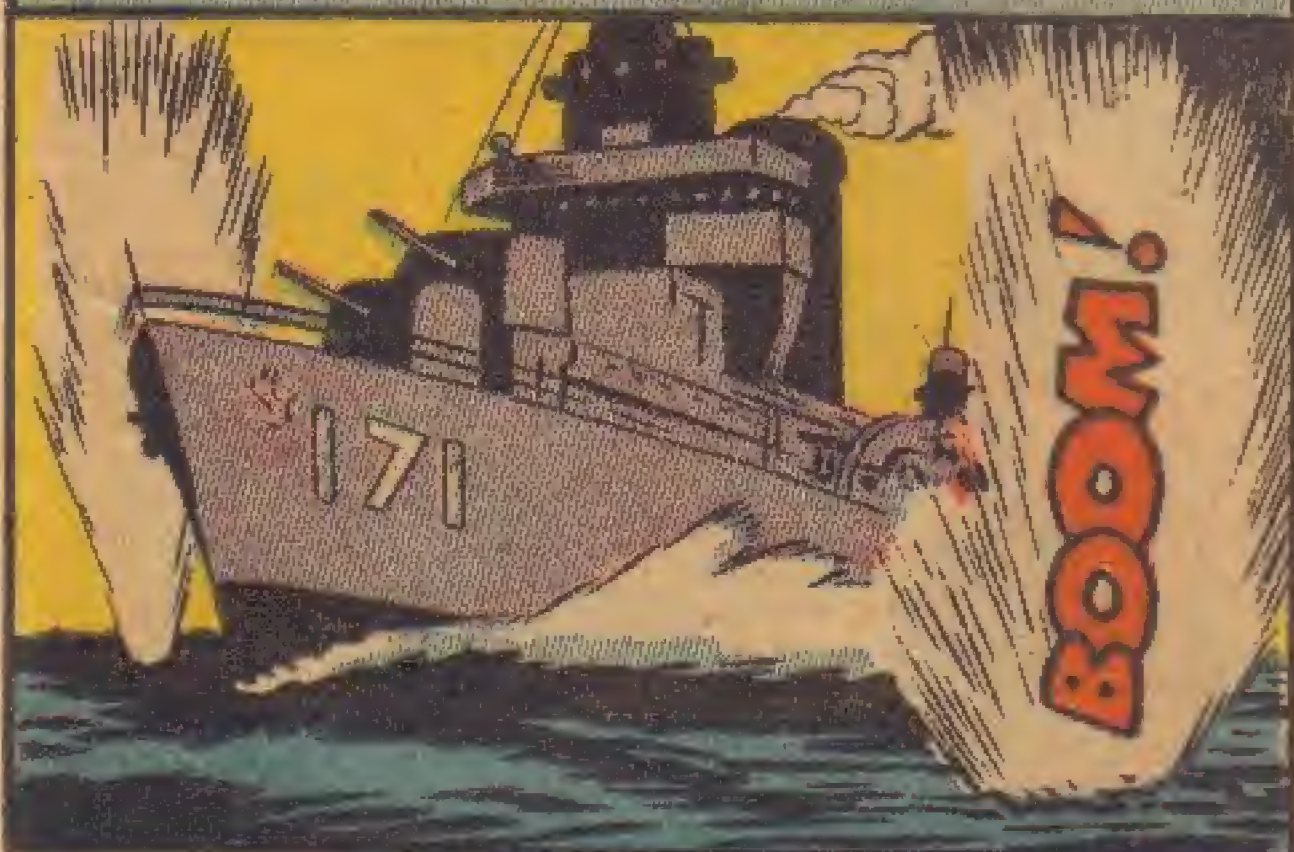


NOW THE "SCHRENVILLE" CAN'T SEND UP PLANES TO HELP US!

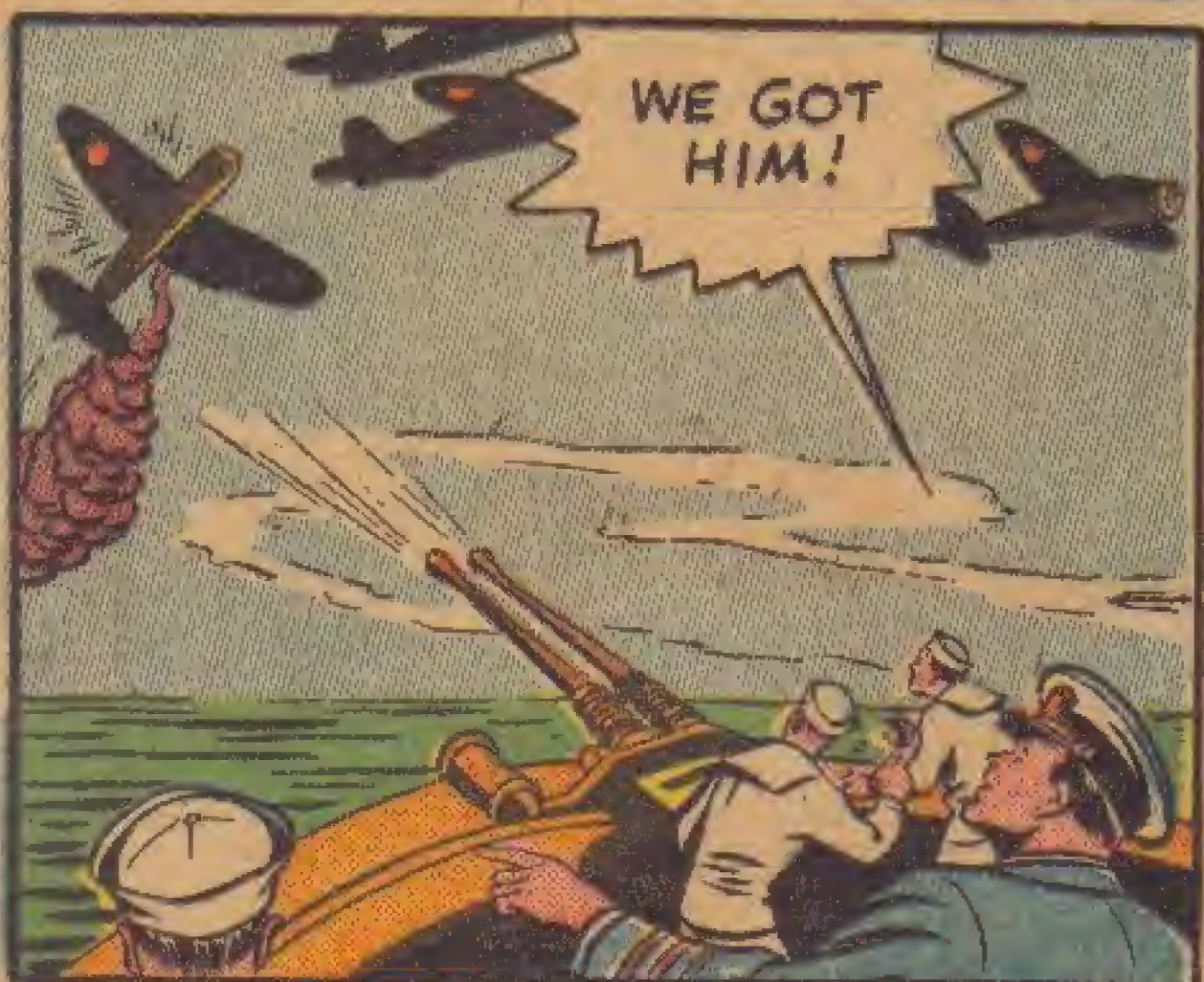
THEY'RE COMING AT US NOW!



DESTROYER 171 PLUNGES THROUGH A HURRICANE OF BURSTING BOMBS....



WE GOT HIM!



THAT'S ONE BABY THAT WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!

BABIES ARE NO BOTHER, SIR! THEY'RE WONDERFUL!



I GIVE UP!... AT A TIME LIKE THIS, MY EXECUTIVE OFFICER HAS TO BE A FATHER!!

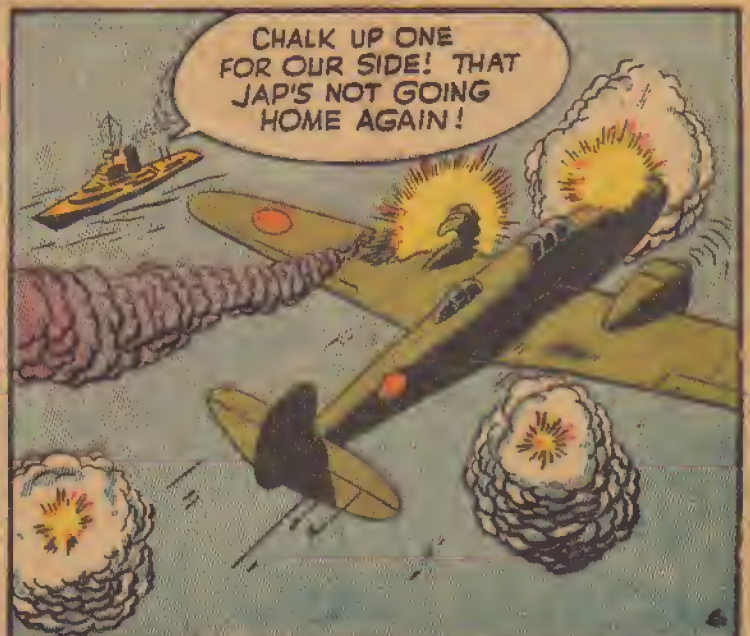
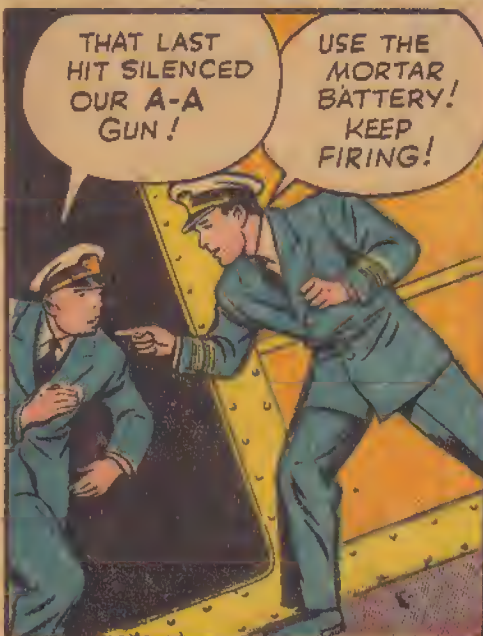
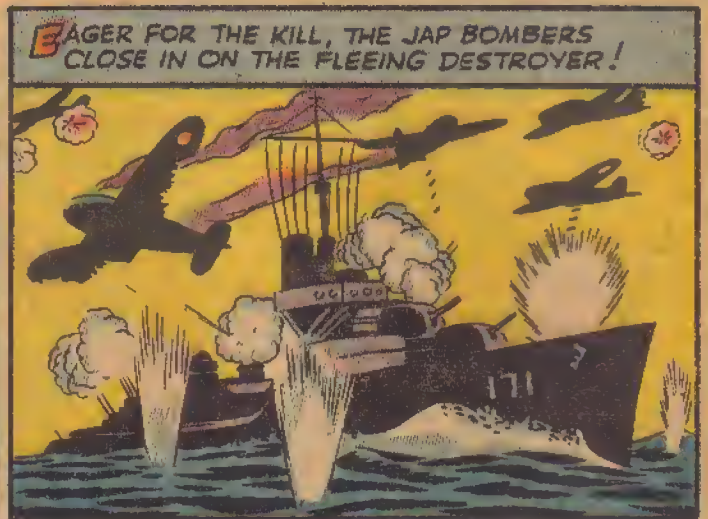
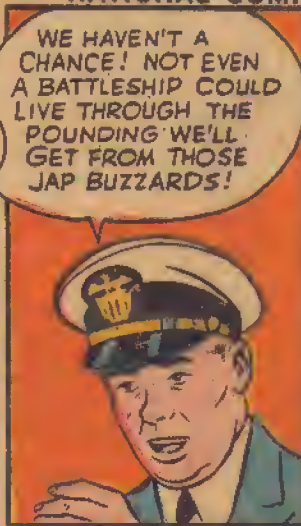
COMMANDER BLAKE!



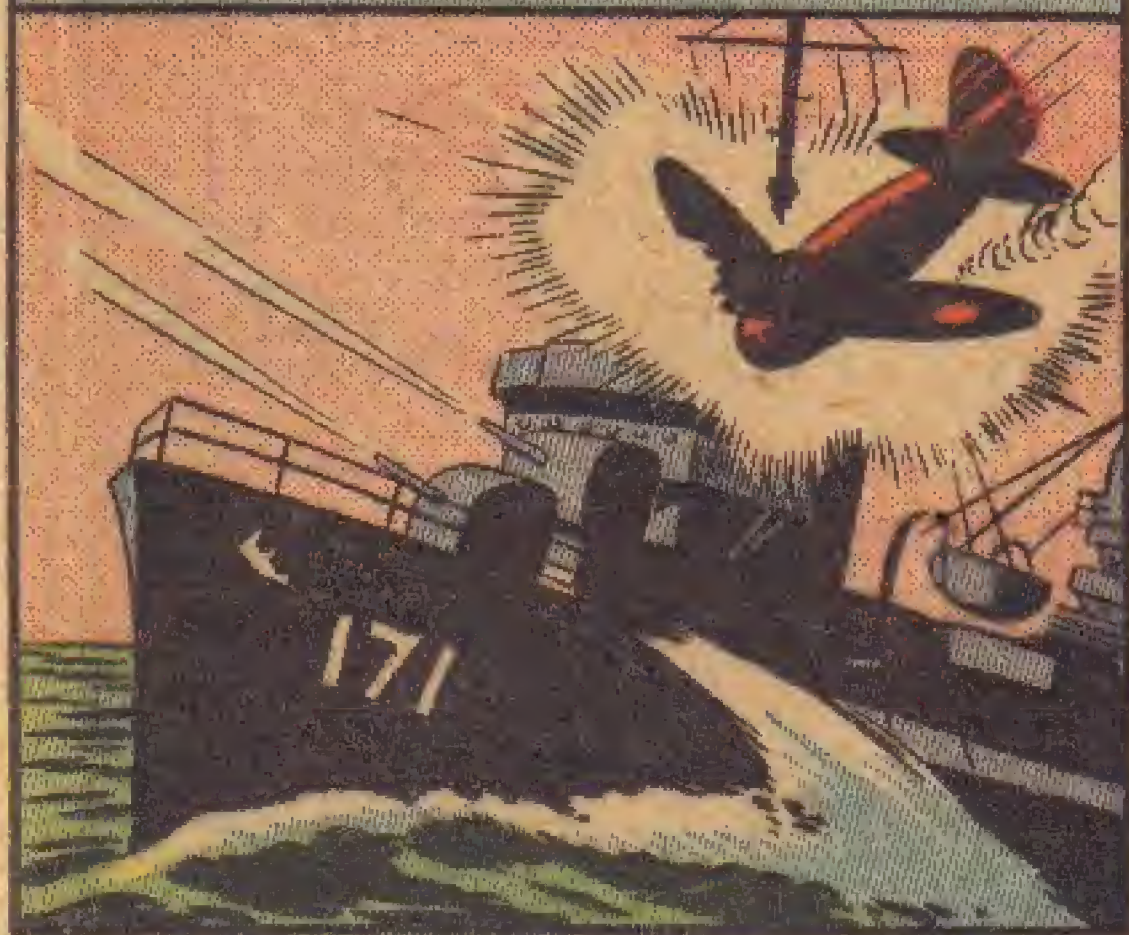
FIRE'S BROKEN OUT ON THE "SCHRENVILLE"! THEY'RE GOING TO ABANDON SHIP!

TELL THEM TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE! ... WE'LL PULL 'EM THROUGH!





ANOTHER RIDDLED JAP PLANE
CRASHES INTO THE CONNING
TOWER!



GET THE
FIRE CONTROL
OFFICER!



WE'RE LUCKY
THAT PLANE
CARRIED AN
EMPTY-BOMB
LOAD -- OR WE'D
HAVE BEEN BLOWN
TO THE MOON!

WE CAN'T
TAKE MUCH MORE
OF THIS! ONE
MORE BOMB
HIT WILL
SEND US TO
THE BOTTOM!



THEY'RE
RUNNING!

THOSE
JAPS HAD
ENOUGH!



MR. FORD! WHAT
DO YOU THINK OF
OUR "TIN-CAN" NOW?



I'LL ORDER
THE SIGNALMAN
TO INFORM THE
"SCHRENVILLE" THAT
EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL! ... THIS
SHIP CAN HANDLE
ANYTHING
THAT COMES
UP!

WELL DONE, "PAWNEE"!
I COULDN'T ASK
FOR A BETTER
SHIP!

COMMANDER
BLAKE!



I JUST GOT
A RADIO MESSAGE!
**IT'S A
BOY!!**

YOU'D
BETTER
SEE THE
CHIEF
PHARMACIST'S
MATE, CONROY!

AFTER THESE QUIET
DAYS AT SEA, THE
EXCITEMENT OF
BECOMING A FATHER
MAY PROVE TOO
MUCH FOR YOU!



AH, WELL! TOO
BAD YOU CAN'T COOK,
"PAWNEE"! YOU AND
I WOULD MAKE A
PERFECT MATCH!



DAILY GLOBE

EXTRA!

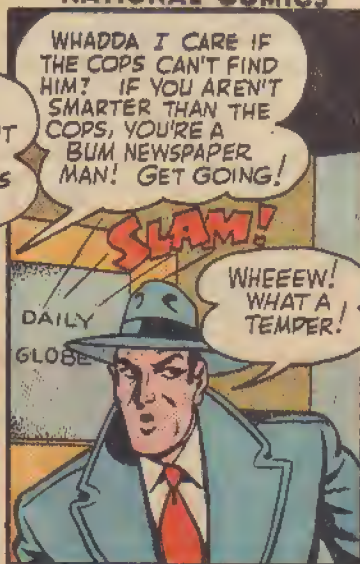
EXTRA!

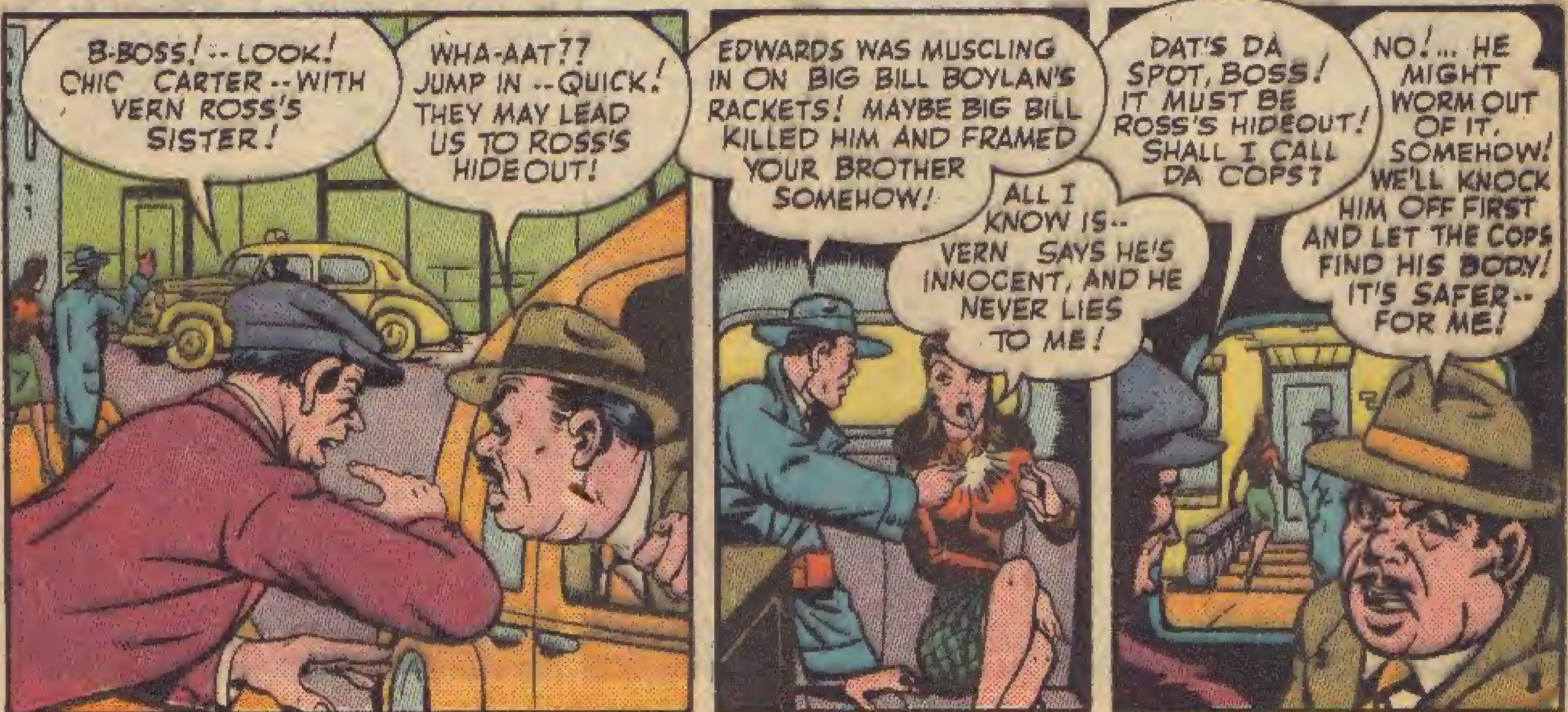
VERN ROSS STILL AT LARGE!! POLICE INTENSIFY HUNT FOR SLAYER!

By **CHIC CARTER**



NATIONAL COMICS





Meanwhile

CARTER, YOU MUST HELP ME! I'M BEING FRAMED RIGHT INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

SOMEHOW, I BELIEVE YOU, ROSS! BUT THE COPS HAVE A TIGHT CASE!

UNLESS SOMEBODY SWIPED YOUR GUN, KILLED EDWARDS WITH IT -- AND THEN PUT IT BACK IN YOUR ROOM!

BUT THEY COULDN'T! I HAD THE GUN WITH ME ALL NIGHT!

IT WAS ONE OF MY SHOOTING GALLERY PISTOLS! IT NEEDED CLEANING, SO I SAT IN THE PARK AND CLEANED IT AFTER CLOSING TIME!

SO YOU HAVE NO ALIBI, EITHER! YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, KID!

NOW, AIN'T THAT TOO, TOO PATHETIC, KIDDIES?

WHAT -- ?? BIG BILL BOYLAN! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THE IDEA, SNOOPER, IS THAT YOU ALL DIE, SEE?... THEN I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

IN THE SOUP, YOU MEAN! YOU CAN'T KNOCK US OFF WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT, CHUMP!

SHADDUP, NOSEY! IT'LL LOOK LIKE ROSS BUMPED YOU AN' DA GIRL, AN' DEN KILLED HISSELF! HE'S WANTED FER MURDER, ANYHOW! HA-HA-HA!

HEY!!... SO YOU'RE THE RAT WHO KILLED EDWARDS AND FRAMED VERN ROSS!

SURE, YA DOPE! I BUMPED HIM WIT' MY GUN! THEN I DUG A SLUG FROM ROSS'S GUN OUTA THE SHOOTING GALLERY TARGET...

AND DUG YOUR BULLET OUT OF THE BODY, SO YOU COULD POKE ROSS'S BULLET INTO THE WOUND IN ITS PLACE!

SMART, HAH? SO WHEN DA COPS FIND YOU ALL DEAD AN' DIS GUN IN ROSS'S MITT, DEY'LL FIGGER DA CASE IS CLOSED!

IF I COULD REACH DELIA'S PISTOL! I STUCK IT IN MY HIP POCKET!

SLAP!





MECCA OF NOEL

IT lay nestled in a great mountain range of New Mexico, in an arid valley that eternally belched smoke and flame. Madrid, Christmas capital of the entire western world.

It is probably the most extraordinary town in the world. For eleven months of the year its 400-odd menfolk burrow in the earth, bringing up coal to keep the furnaces of war roaring. But the twelfth month—December—magic descends upon the smoke-grimy little city. It turns overnight into an Arabian Nights setting. Thousands of dazzling lights twinkle from dusk to midnight. The surrounding mountain slopes are ablaze with flame. Gigantic Mother Goose people stalk the passes. A 36-foot-high figure of Christ looks down in serenity on the outlying land. Song and the music of guitars fill the air.

You stare in amazement at the immensity of the scene, glittering and pulsating as you come upon it. Madrid is saying "Merry Christmas" to the world in a way that is unrivaled anywhere else on earth.

For fourteen years this little hamlet has been the greatest Christmas show in the world, drawing visitors from everywhere. One year, over 100,000 persons visited Madrid for the gale festival, which lasts from Dec. 7 to Jan. 8.

For eleven months Madrid's sons dig deep into the hard hills. But on the twelfth month every man, woman and child goes all-out for the most spectacular Christmas party ever conceived. Every person has a special task to perform, and many of them work all the year to prepare for the mammoth pageant.

For eleven months you'd never notice the town from a low-flying plane, but on Christmas Eve the mountains forming Madrid's valley flame with cedarwood pyres, in accordance with Spanish-Mexican custom, giant figures of the Bible loom in brilliant floodlights, and whole toyland towns are visible. Bethlehem is 74 feet long, 18 feet high. Lifelike figures of the Shepherds gaze at it in awe. The Three Wise Men ride their camels toward the Holy City.

There are silhouetted figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus fleeing toward the pyramid land of Egypt.

Scene of the Nativity! It is a stable built of adobe bricks. In its center is a straw-filled cradle. Grouped around, staring down at the Infant, are Mary and the Three Wise Men.

On a mountain ridge shepherds tend their flocks against the dark sky. On another slope the Heralding Angels sing "Tidings of great Joy."

A half dozen miners work at all hours to keep the scores of lighted and moving figures, as well as the sound effects, working.

Three sound systems are used to broadcast the music and sound effects. Day and night there is singing, in two languages.

The town's narrow streets are thronged. Every house is lighted. Even the smallest has its "luminaries"—sacks or pasteboard boxes with designs of holes cut in them and electric lights inserted. They outline the school and church—thousands of them, clever in design, all made by the children and their teachers in Madrid's school.

Every door is wide open. Hospitality is second nature to these people. There is nothing to sell here. They do it all for the sheer joy of creating and giving.

Whooping children are everywhere. Miles of illuminated Christmas trees line the streets, strung with 40,000 lights. Every home is decorated with lanterns on the roofs, illuminated silhouettes in the windows, decorations of fir and pine branches over porch, window and doorway.

The Madrid baseball field is ablaze with a wonderland of

NATIONAL COMICS

moving, fantastic figures straight from the world of childhood make-believe. A miniature train puffing real smoke whistles, rings its bell as it passes by loaded with laughing kids. The engineer is none other than grinning Santa Claus.

This toyland is a product of Madrid's imagination and creative genius. Miners, children and teachers have combined their ideas and labor to create from wornout autos, castoff machinery and old junk the dozens of toyland folk so dear to young hearts.

There is "Goldilocks" nodding to the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe." Across the roof of the school races Santa driving a team of reindeers. There is the "Cow Jumping Over the Moon" and the "Dutch Windmill."

A singularly strange feeling grips you as you gaze upon this breath-taking wonderland, remembering that it was all created by a handful of poor miners. Except for radio and movies, these people have very little contact with the world beyond their mountains. They seldom leave their isolated valley. Those few Madrilenos who do always return for the Christmas celebration.

On Christmas Day, Madrid's children have a great party around the giant tree in the town's square. It sparkles in the cold New Mexican night as if sprinkled with diamonds. A placard on its lower limbs promises that "No child in Ma-

drid shall be without a present on Christmas Day."

This great festival originated fourteen years ago when some miners, to relieve the drab monotony of their lives, hung lights on a few trees in front of their homes. Thus was born an idea.

Someone else made large cutouts of shepherds and placed lights before them. Still others enlarged upon the idea. Through the years the idea grew and grew. Today, young and old contribute to Madrid's annual pageant. Every month the miners give small sums from their wages. The local mine operators (there are four in the valley) donate the electricity to run the 40,000 lights for a month.

The miners are divided into groups to get the pageant work done. An appointed foreman will call a certain group on designs or building figures. The crew members work on animals, repairing fences, building roads (miles of them criss-cross the mountains to and from the many figures), tree decorations, and creating giant Biblical figures. So it has been going on for years.

The people all labor together to build up this selfless community festival. They sell nothing, but they give freely of happiness and brotherhood. Nowhere will the visitor find such hospitality. The background of Madrid—of all New Mexico in fact—is Spanish-Mexican, but these New Mexicans are loyal Amer-

icans. The colorful touch of Old Spain, the smell of charcoal, the tang of cooking frijoles and tamales and baking tortillas, the vivid color and life and gayety—all lends a characteristic flavor to this fascinating land.

It is not easy to sum up definitely just what influence this Christmas celebration has on Madrid's population. Life in this little coal-mining town is hard and bare for the greater part of the year. But the neighborly teamwork and the months when evenings and hours off shift see these miners and their families working on something that benefits the well-being of the community seems to be the greatest thing accomplished in this most interesting of American Christmas celebrations.

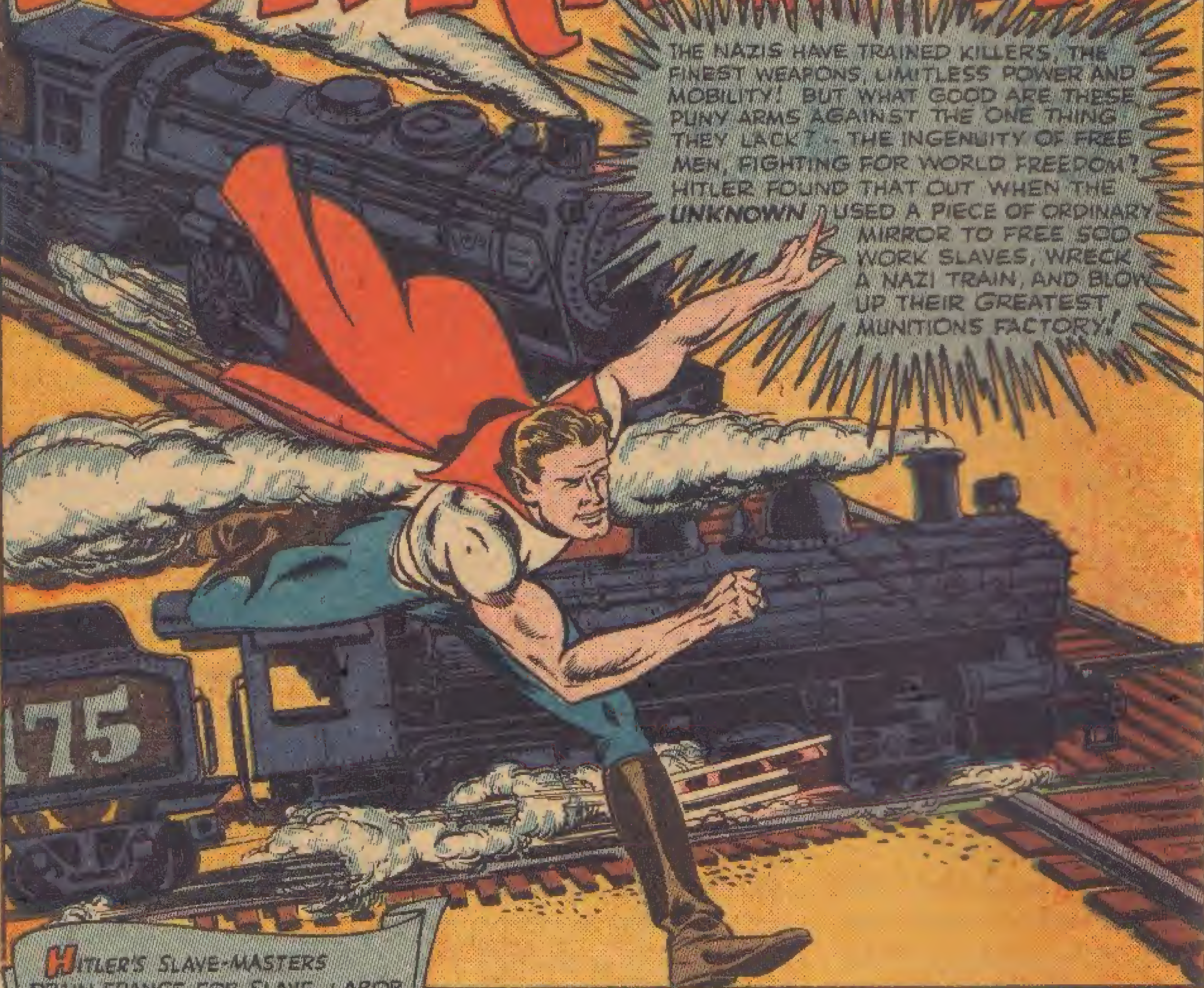
So for thirty days, between Dec. 7 and Jan. 8, Madrid will become New Mexico's Mecca, the Christmas City ablaze with lights, and thrilling with the spirit of "peace on earth, good will to men."

One word of advice, however: If you ever plan to visit Madrid, near the Christmas pageant, take your tent along. There are very few places to stay, except in the miners' homes. And these are quickly filled when the tourists start coming.

Of all places in the world, Madrid should be visited during Christmas. You will never forget your sojourn there, and you'll return again—and again.

THE UNKNOWN

THE NAZIS HAVE TRAINED KILLERS, THE FINEST WEAPONS, LIMITLESS POWER AND MOBILITY! BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THESE PUNY ARMS AGAINST THE ONE THING THEY LACK? - THE INGENUITY OF FREE MEN, FIGHTING FOR WORLD FREEDOM! HITLER FOUND THAT OUT WHEN THE UNKNOWN USED A PIECE OF ORDINARY MIRROR TO FREE 500 WORK SLAVES, WRECK A NAZI TRAIN, AND BLOW UP THEIR GREATEST MUNITIONS FACTORY!



HITLER'S SLAVE-MASTERS DRAIN FRANCE FOR SLAVE-LABOR TO MAN WAR PLANTS IN THE REICH!

DRIVE THOSE WOMEN BACK AND MARCH THESE CATTLE TO THE STATION! THE WORK TRAIN IS DUE SOON!

YA, HERR MAJOR VON RENTROP!

PLEASE DON'T SEND MY SICK FATHER TO SLAVERY! HE CAN'T STAND IT!

DEN DERE VILL BE VUN LESS MOUTH FOR US TO FEED! GEDT BACK, FRAULEIN!

MARCELINE! IF YOU WANT TO HELP ME, GET WORD SOMEHOW TO THE UNKNOWN!

VOT?... VOT VAS DOT YOU SAID, SCHWEIN?



I--I ONLY SAID THAT OUR DESTINATION IS **UNKNOWN** ... BUT I'LL THINK OF HER ALWAYS!

YA? ... DERE BETTER NOT BE TRICKS, DUMMER-- OR VE REMEMBER VERE DER GIRL CAN BE FOUND, HEINT?

OH, MON PERE! HOW CAN I GET WORD TO THE **UNKNOWN**? ... NO ONE EVER KNOWS WHERE HE IS!

YOU WANT THE **UNKNOWN**? -- FOLLOW ME! PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!

WE'RE SAFE HERE! NOW, TELL ME WHAT YOU WISH THE **UNKNOWN** TO HEAR!

B-BUT ... CAN YOU REACH HIM? HOW CAN I KNOW THAT MY MESSAGE IS IN TIME?

WILL THIS SATISFY YOU, MADEMOISELLE?

TH -- THE **UNKNOWN**! VOICI!!

...THE SLAVE TRAIN WILL LAY OVER IN DESJARD UNTIL NIGHT ... AND THEN PROCEED IN THE DARKNESS!

SPLENDID! THERE IS HOPE FOR YOUR FATHER AND THOSE OTHER SLAVES!

BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? THE TRAIN IS ARMORED AND LOADED WITH ARMED GUARDS! HAVE YOU AN ARMY TO CAPTURE IT!

PRACTICALLY! I HAVE TWO LOYAL FRENCHMEN AND HONOR ON MY SIDE! THAT'S MORE THAN THE NAZIS HAVE!

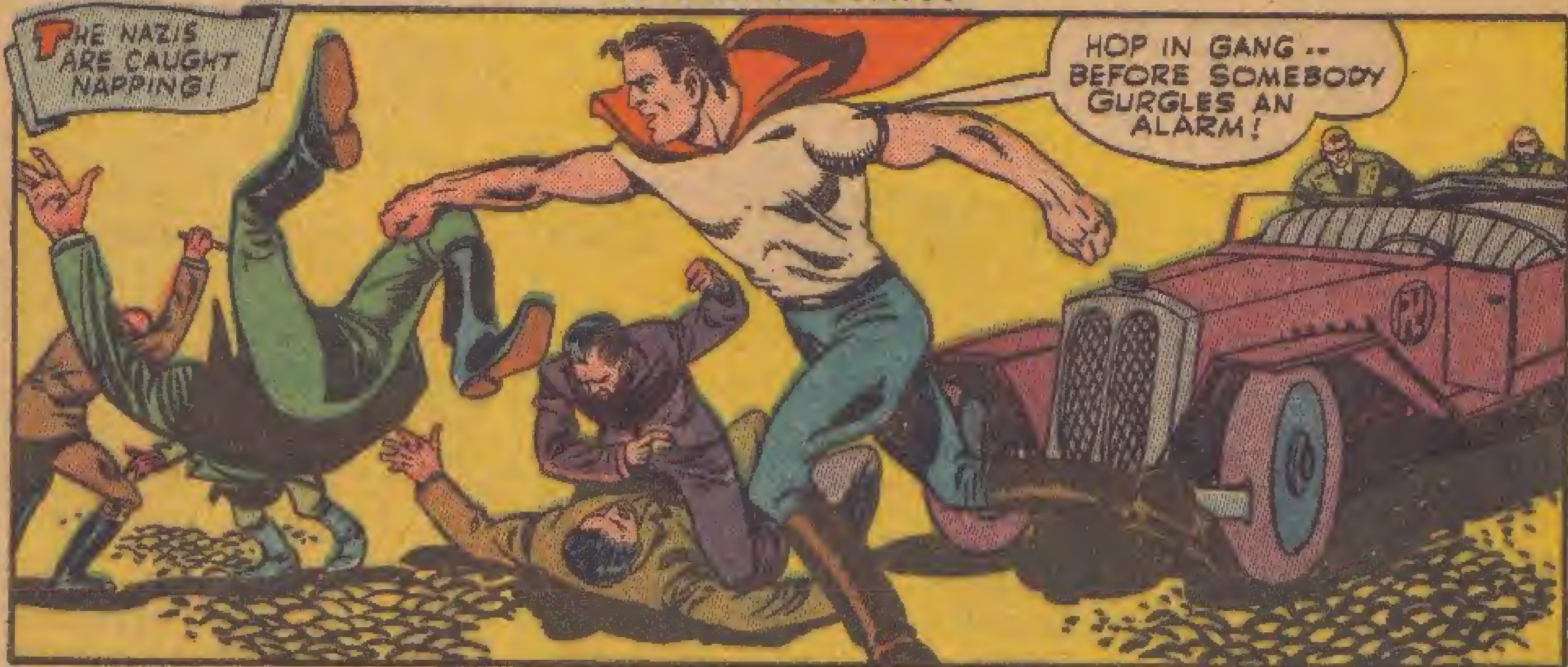
AS NIGHT FALLS, THE UNKNOWN MEETS HIS FRIENDS!

...AND THAT'S MY PLAN, MEN! ARE YOU WITH ME?

OUI! -- BUT TO HEAD OFF ZE TRAIN, WE NEED A CAR-- A FAST ONE!

OF COURSE! AND WHO KNOWS A FASTER CAR THAN THE GERMAN STAFF CAR!

AND HOW THE NAZIS WILL HOWL WHEN WE DEPART, NON?



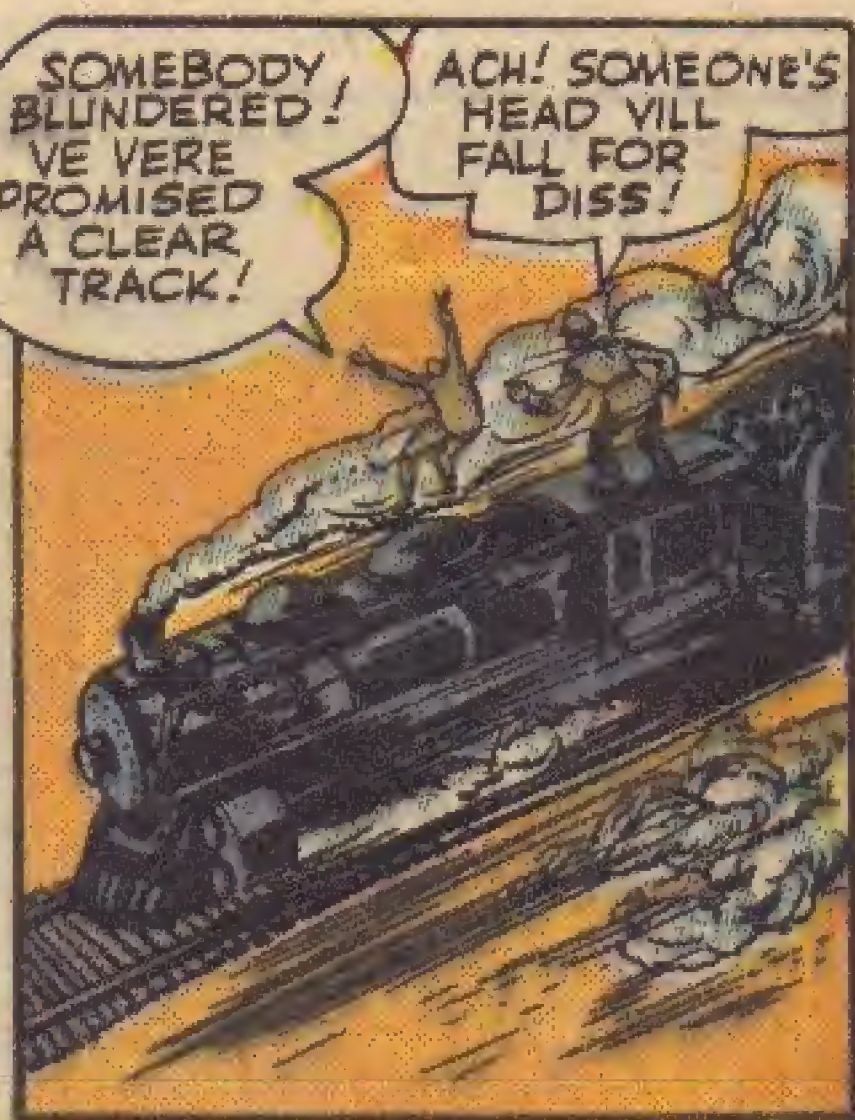


A CLEAR TRACK ALL THE WAY! NOT BAD, EH, JACOB?

ISS GOOT! ... UNDT BY MORNING VE DELIFFER 500 VORKMEN TO DER RUPP MUNITIONS PLANT!

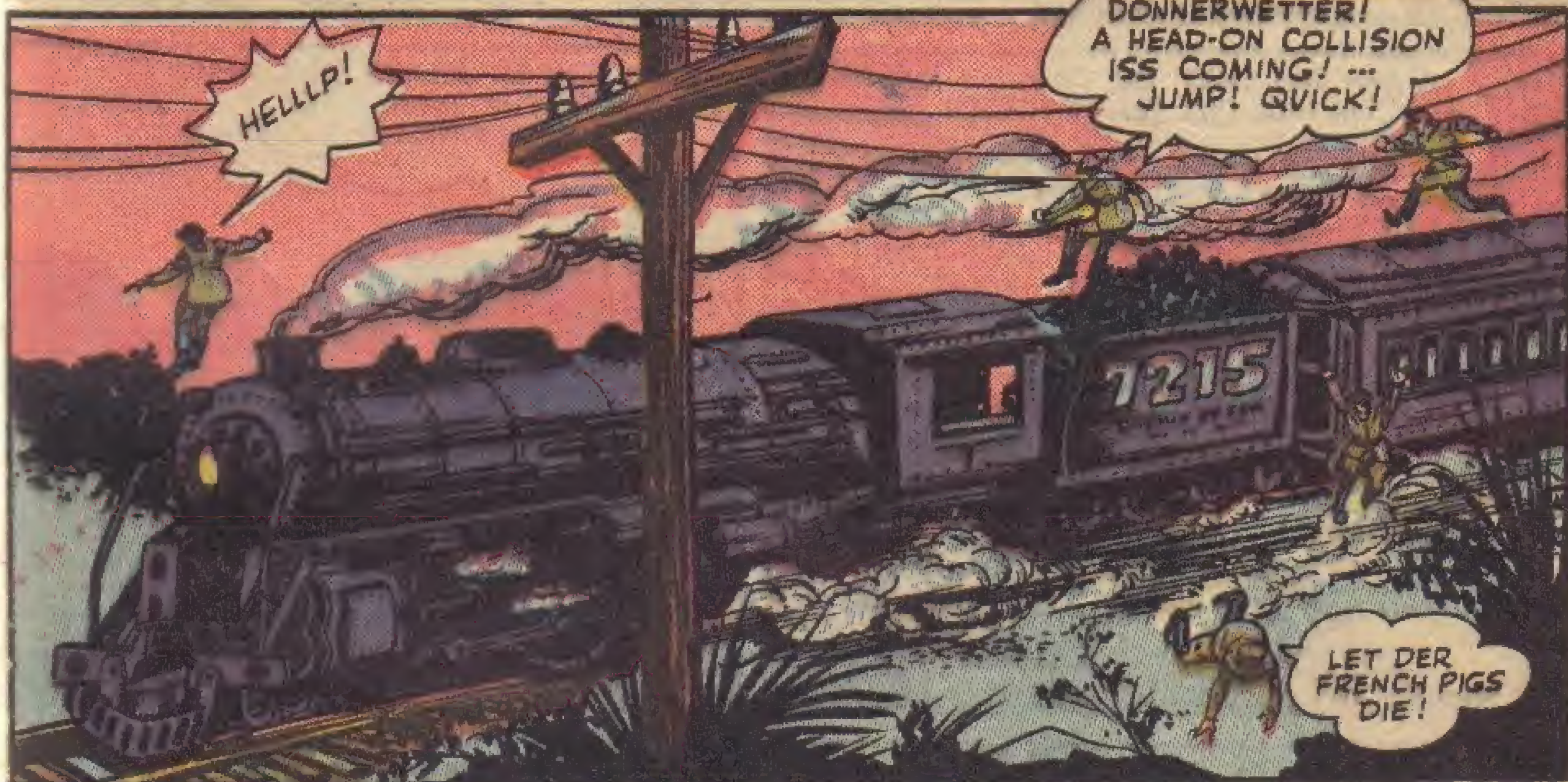


SOON VE VILL --- EEEOWK! JACOB!! A TRAIN COMING STRAIGHT AT US! JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!!



SOMEBODY BLUNDERED! VE VERE PROMISED A CLEAR TRACK!

ACH! SOMEONE'S HEAD VILL FALL FOR DISS!



HELLP!

DONNERWETTER! A HEAD-ON COLLISION ISS COMING! ... JUMP! QUICK!

LET DER FRENCH PIGS DIE!



ACH! A TRICK! IT VASNT ANNODDER TRAIN! -- BUT OUR OWN TRAIN -- REFLECTED IN A MIRROR!

OOOWW! DER FUEHRER VILL PURGE US FOR DISS!



COCHONS! THANKS FOR THE TRAIN!



PERFECT! THE NAZIS JUMPED WHEN THEY SAW THEIR OWN REFLECTION! THAT GIVES US THE TRAIN TO OURSELVES!



THOSE NAZIS CAN'T CATCH UP NOW! I'LL STOP HERE AND RELEASE THE WORKERS!



POOR DEVILS! THIS IS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE TO THEM! THEY KNOW WHAT FATE AWAITS WORKMEN HAULED TO GERMANY!

FALL OUT, MEN, AND LINE UP, PLEASE!



LISTEN! YOU HAVE THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION LEFT BY THE GUARDS! DON'T USE THEM UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!

B-BUT... WHERE DO WE GO, UNKNOWN?



MY MEN WILL LEAD YOU TO A MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT WHERE FRENCH PATRIOTS AWAIT THE WORD TO STRIKE FOR FREEDOM! YOU'LL FIND ARMS THERE!

BUT YOU, UNKNOWN! WHAT ABOUT YOU?



I'M GOING TO DELIVER THIS TRAIN ON SCHEDULE AT DAWN -- TO THE RUPP MUNITIONS PLANT!!



IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, A SPUR TRACK LEADS STRAIGHT UP TO RUPP'S BIGGEST POWDER STOREHOUSE ... AND I MEAN STRAIGHT TO IT!



I WONDER IF THE POWDER STOREHOUSE WALLS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP A HEAVY TRAIN, COMING IN AT FULL SPEED!



INTERESTING SPECULATION, UNKNOWN! ... AND I WONDER IF YOUR SKIN IS STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP A SLUG FROM THIS GUN!

HUH?? VON RENTROP! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP OR YOU'D HAVE JUMPED WHEN YOUR MEN DID!



YA! I HEARD DER NOISE
UNDT HID VEN YOUR MEN
SEARCHED DER CARS!
NOW I VILL BE
A HERO!

I DON'T
DOUBT THAT,
VON RENTROP!



HITLER LOVES
TO MAKE HEROES
OUT OF HIS
DEAD STOOGES!

ODTCH!



THIS IS
MERCIFUL, COMPARED
TO THE LIVING DEATH
YOU WOULD HAVE
SENT THOSE
FRENCHMEN
INTO!



ON THROUGH THE NIGHT!...

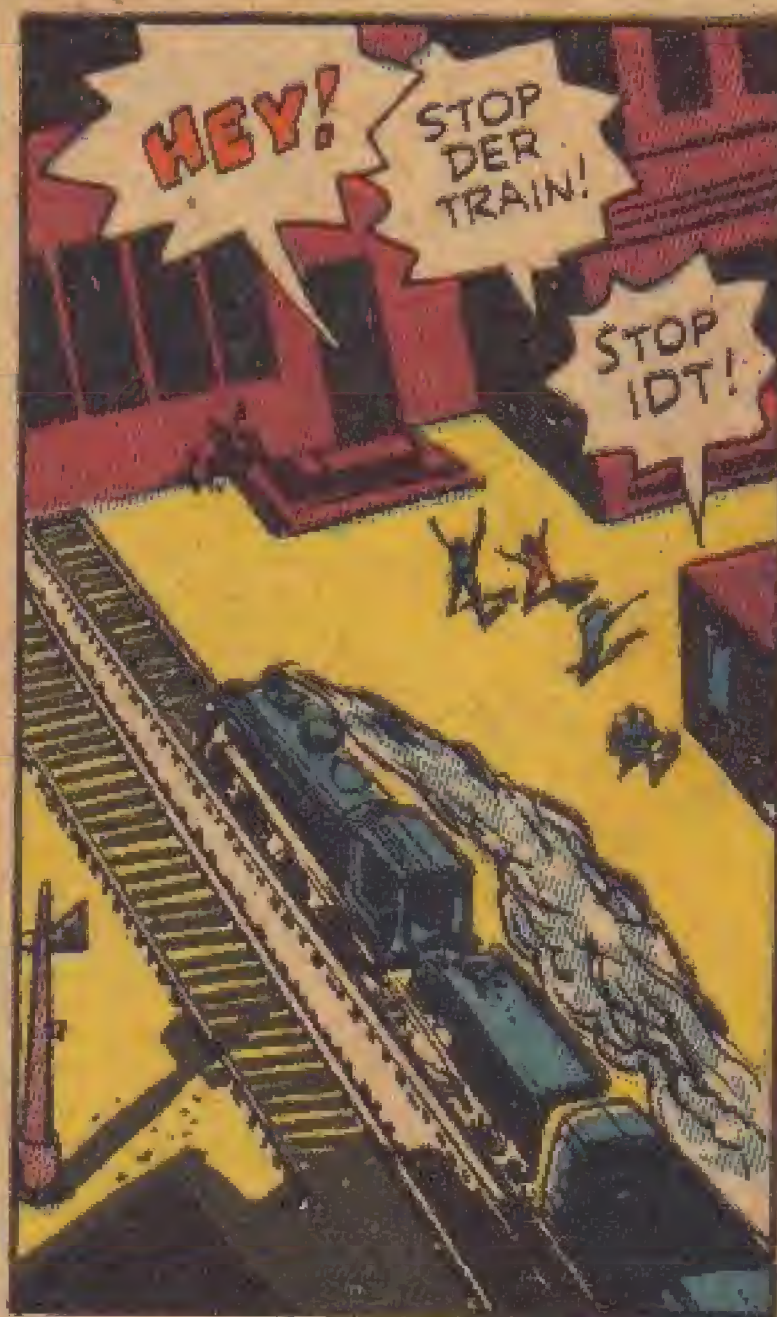
ACH! DER
FOOLS! UNDT
DOT WHISTLE--
BLOWING DER
V-FOR VICTORY
CODE!

TOOT!
TOOT!



AND WITH THE FIRST
LIGHT OF DAWN....

THIS IS AS
FAR AS I GO!
THE RUPP WORKS
ARE DEAD AHEAD
--AND I DO
MEAN
DEAD!



HEY!

STOP
DER
TRAIN!

STOP
IDT!



BRRRAAAMM!
BOOM!

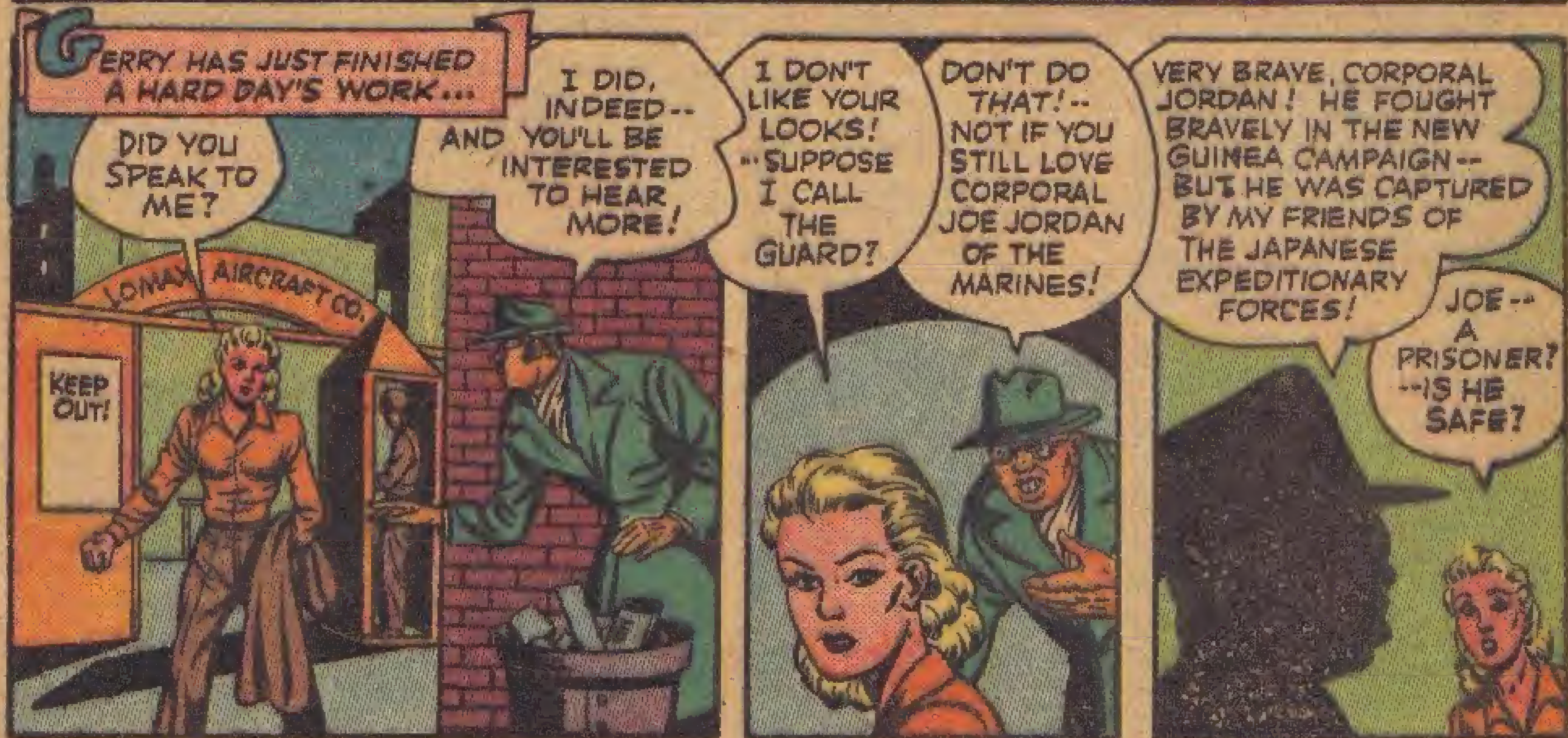


THE END OF
HITLER'S BIGGEST
MUNITIONS PLANT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
DRAWBACK! MY
TOBOGGAN
RIDE IS
RUINED!



HMM! A SWIFT
RIDE DOWN--BUT
A LONG WALK
-BACK!

MORE OF THE UNKNOWN
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
National Comics!





OH, HE'S SAFE --
UP TO NOW -- AND
CLOSER THAN YOU
THINK! IN FACT,
I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE TO
SEE HIM FACE
TO FACE!

IF HE'S NEAR
HERE, TAKE
ME TO HIM!
QUICK!

NO NEED FOR
THAT! YOU SEE,
WE'VE BROUGHT
HIM TO YOU!...
LOOK! -- AS
MY ASSOCIATES
DRIVE BY
WITH HIM!

JOE! ... OH --
JOE,
DARLING!



HE'S
GONE!...
WILL I
EVER SEE
HIM
AGAIN?

NOT UNLESS
YOU DO WHAT I NOW
DEMAND! YOU ARE A
TRUSTED TECHNICIAN AT
THE LOMAX WORKS, WHERE
THEY MAKE A SPECIAL RADIO
GUN-SIGHTER WHICH WILL
MAKE AMERICAN PLANES
ALMOST INVINCIBLE!

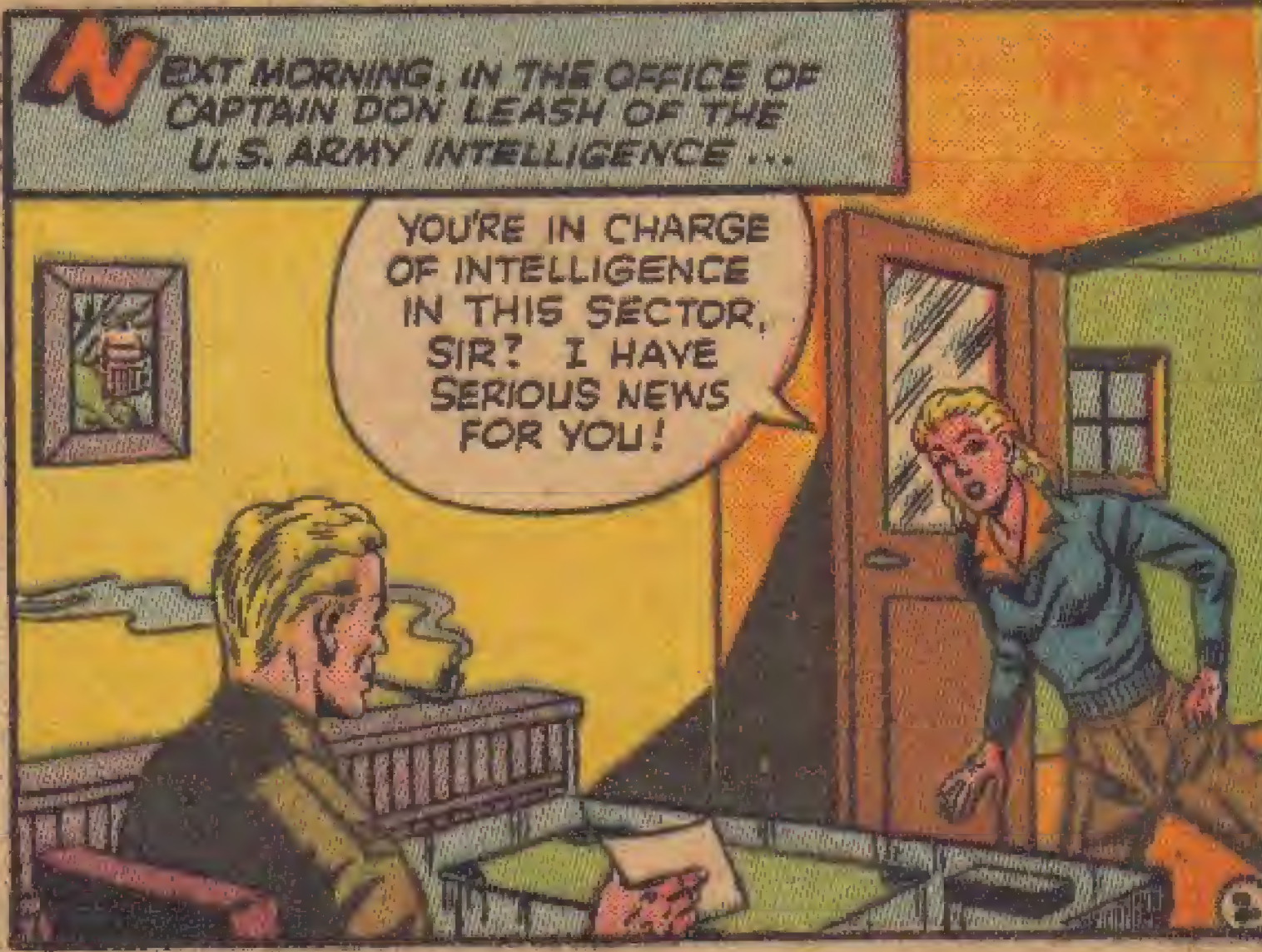
WE WANT ONE
OF THOSE
RADIO-SIGHTERS,
TO LEARN HOW
TO DEFEAT IT
AND BRING
TRIUMPH TO OUR
OWN AIR FORCE!
--BRING US
ONE!

I DARE NOT! I
WOULDN'T DO IT
FOR ANY AMOUNT
OF MONEY! I'M
A LOYAL
AMERICAN!

I'LL CALL FOR IT
AS YOU LEAVE WORK
TOMORROW! IF YOU
DON'T COMPLY, YOUR
BELOVED CORPORAL
WILL DIE BY SLOW
TORTURE! ... GOOD
EVENING,
MISS
O'NEAL!



JOE! ... I LOVE HIM --
AND IF I REFUSE, HE'LL
DIE! BUT HE'S BRAVE,
AND I KNOW WHAT
HE'D WANT ME TO
DO ABOUT THIS!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF
CAPTAIN DON LEASH OF THE
U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE ...

YOU'RE IN CHARGE
OF INTELLIGENCE
IN THIS SECTOR,
SIR? I HAVE
SERIOUS NEWS
FOR YOU!

GERRY FINISHES HER STORY

... I'M PROBABLY SENDING JOE TO HIS DEATH! -- BECAUSE, IF THEY KNOW YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL ---

BUT... IT MAY HAPPEN THAT THEY WON'T FIND OUT UNTIL TOO LATE!



REMEMBER, MISS O'NEAL! NOT A WORD TO ANYBODY UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US AGAIN!

THANKS, CAPTAIN LEASH! YOU CAN TRUST ME!

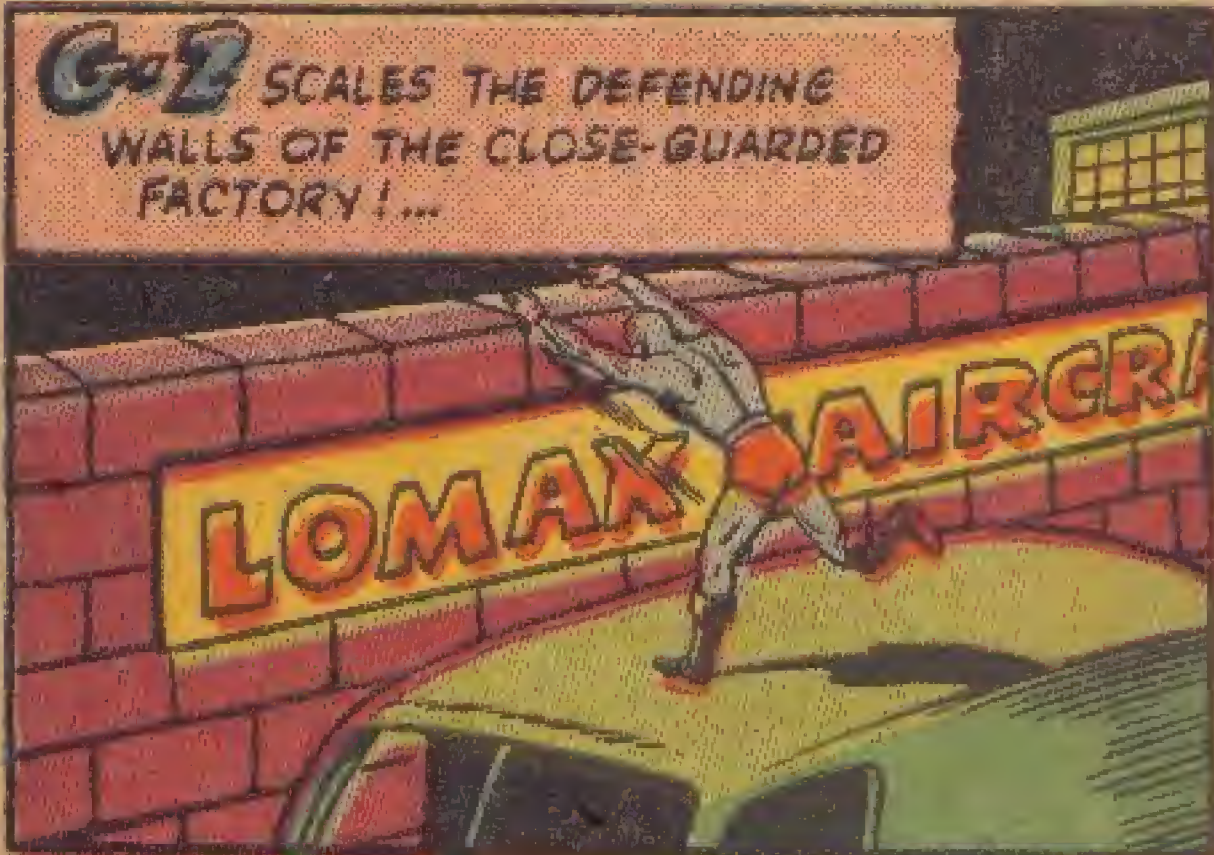


WITHIN SECONDS AFTER GERRY'S DEPARTURE, DON LEASH CHANGES UNIFORMS AND DARTS FORTH AS G-2!...

I HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW TO RESCUE AN AMERICAN MARINE AND SMASH A JAP PLOT! THAT OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF TIME!



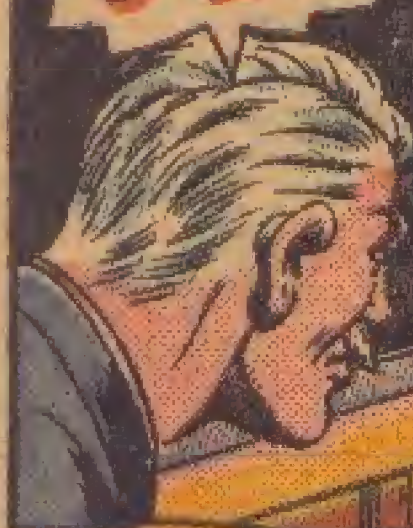
G-2 SCALES THE DEFENDING WALLS OF THE CLOSE-GUARDED FACTORY!...



THEN HE ENTERS THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT LOMAX!...

G-2!

I'M HERE TO GET YOUR HELP! ... ENEMY AGENTS ARE AFTER YOUR RADIO GUN-SIGHTER! BRING ME A SAMPLE OF IT!



YOU SEE, IT HAS THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF A RADIO BEACON BEAM! ... MAGNETIC FINDERS HELP SET THE GUN ---

JUST AS I HOPED! QUICK! ... ALTER THE WORKS AS I TELL YOU! ... AND THEN CALL A CERTAIN FACTORY WORKER... MISS GERRY O'NEAL!



LATER...

YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. LOMAX?

YES... MEET G-2... THE WORST ENEMY OF THE AXIS SPY SERVICE! HE WANTS YOU TO DO AS THAT JAP AGENT TOLD YOU -- HAND OVER THIS RADIO-SIGHTER!



GERRY FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS...

YOU ARE WISE TO OBEY OUR ORDERS, MISS O'NEAL! IF THIS RADIO-SIGHTER IS IN GOOD ORDER, YOUR SWEETHEART SHALL LIVE ...



AM I BEING FOLLOWED?

NO! NOBODY IS EVEN LOOKING THIS WAY!



QUICK! ... INSIDE AND DOWNSTAIRS! NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE TRACED YOU!



THE GIRL DID AS I BADE HER! ... I BRING THE RADIO-SIGHTER WITH ME!

WELCOME BACK! ... THE OTHERS AWAIT YOUR REPORT!

I JUDGE THIS IS WHAT WE'RE AFTER!

OUR TECHNICIANS MUST EXAMINE IT FIRST!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT LOMAX...



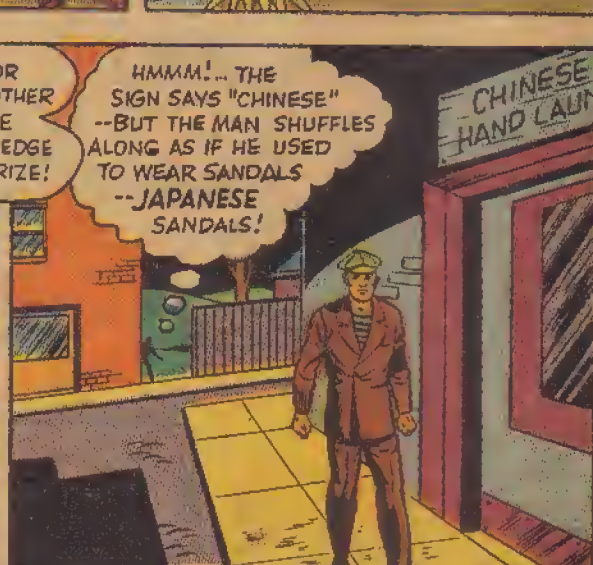
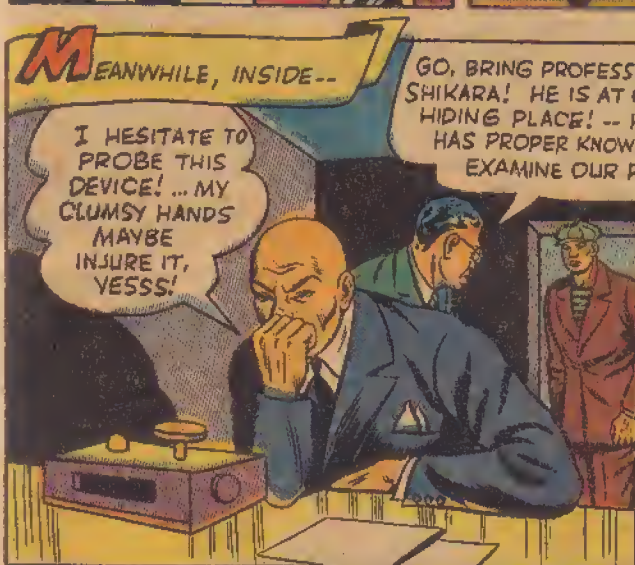
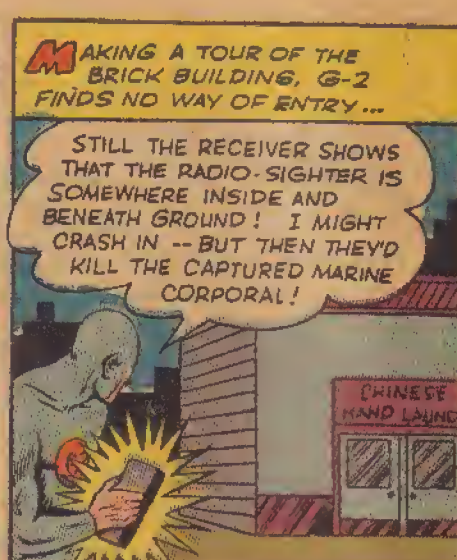
PERHAPS THE GIRL WILL GIVE UP OTHER SECRETS IF WE THREATEN HER SWEETHEART AGAIN!

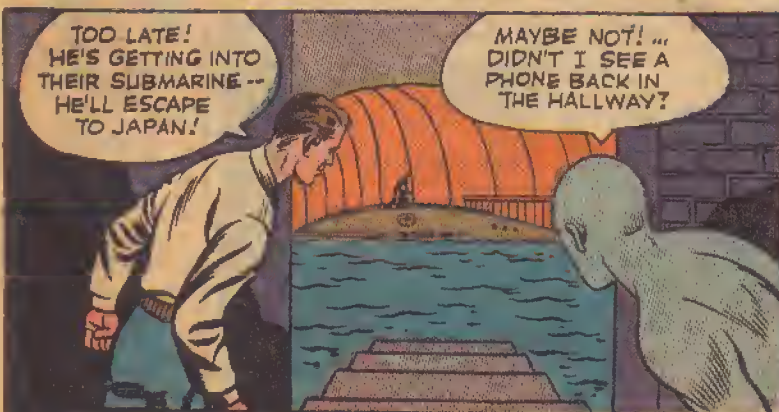
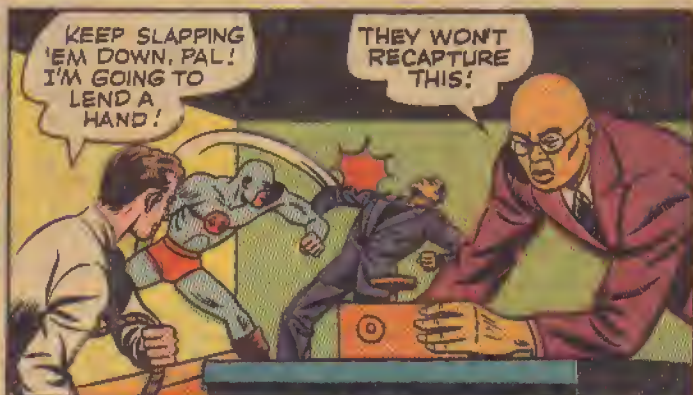
SUCCESS, G-2! ... THE TRANSMITTER YOU HOOKED INTO THE SIGHTER BRINGS THEIR VOICES PERFECTLY!

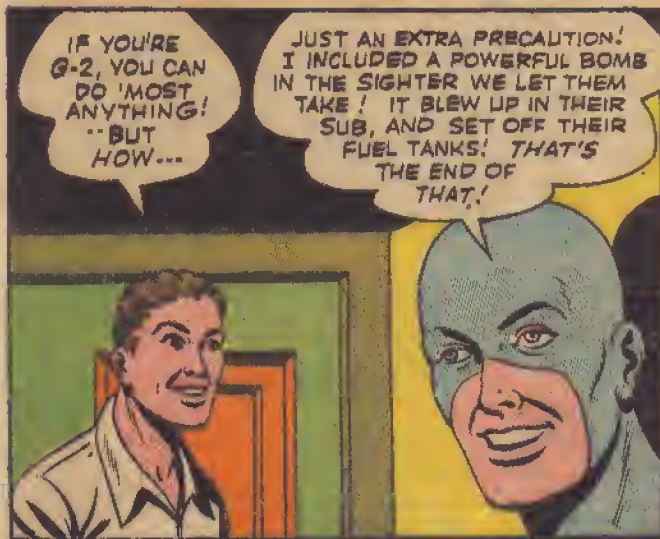
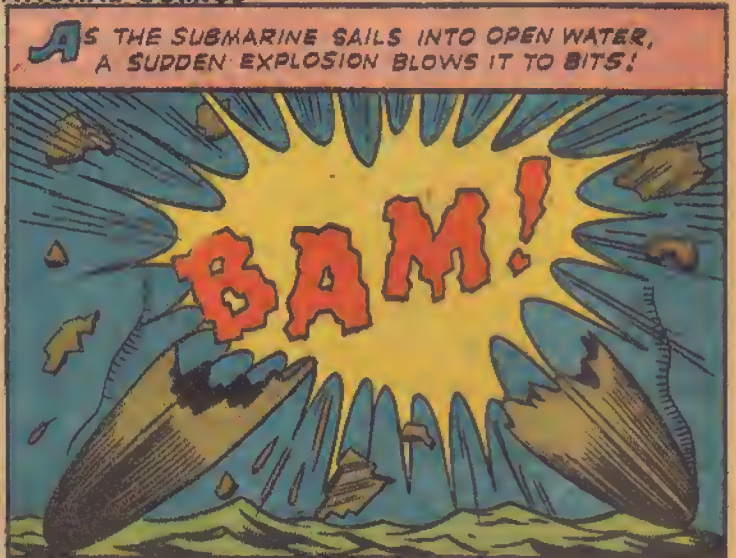
AND THIS SENSITIVE RECEIVER WILL GUIDE ME ALONG THE BEAM TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS!



NATIONAL COMICS







ANOTHER SCORE FOR **G-2** ... AND HE SPEEDS UP THE GAME EVEN MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *National Comics*!

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. G.P.
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____

(Please print plainly)

Address _____

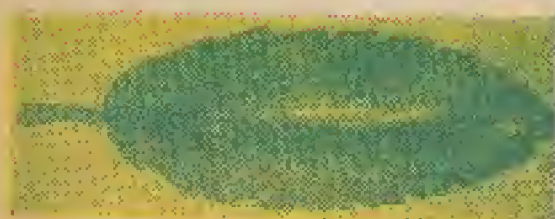
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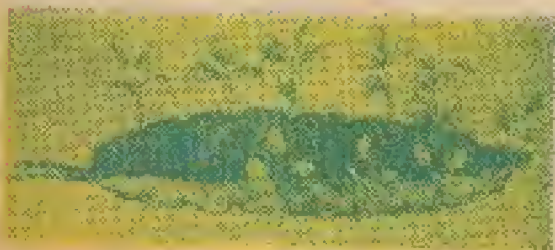
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HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D.L.B., Shenandoah, Iowa

A sure free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

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